

Louisa Norton (1818)

MONTFORD CASTLE.

A NOVEL.

Louisa Dorothea (Fitz)



MOAET. A

MONTFORD CASTLE;

OR THE

KNIGHT OF THE WHITE ROSE.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE
ELEVENTH CENTURY.

*Sperat infestis, metuit secundis,
Alteram sortem bene preparatum
Pectus. Informes Hyemes reducit
Jupiter: idem
Summovet: Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit.*

HOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.——VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR B. CROSBY, NO. 4, STATIONERS'
COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

graces, by which you are so eminently distinguished; and which occasion the people of this country to look up to you with affection and pride.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS of WALES.

IN dedicating the following Work to your ROYAL HIGHNESS, I find every satisfaction which can result from an offering of the kind. Ambition and sentiment, the indulgence of vanity, and the effusion of loyalty, are in the highest manner gratified; as well by the exalted situation of your ROYAL HIGHNESS, as by the contemplation of those virtues, and

graces,

graces, by which you are so eminent-
ly distinguished; and which occasion
 the people of this country to look
 up to you with affection and pride,
 as their best hope, and brightest or-
 nament.

Though possessed of no particular
 claim to your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S
 approbation, I hesitate not to lay this
 Performance at your feet, not doubt-
 ing your gracious acceptance, and fa-
 vorable consideration. Its only me-
 rit, in this particular, is priority,—
 a merit which, though adventitious,
 is not without its graces; as it has the
 peculiar quality of recommending
 small presents to great personages,
 and rescuing from insignificance the
 well meant tribute of an inferior.

Were



Were the present times similar to those in which I have placed my hero, the celebration of your ROYAL HIGHNESS would give scope to, and confer glory on, the exploits of the most accomplished cavaliers. In this more enlightened age, when the pen, instead of the sword, pays the homage of admiration, all our greatest wits, and best authors, will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity of raising their own fame, by applying their talents to the praise of your ROYAL HIGHNESS.—To their more effectual efforts, I shall always be proud to have added my feeble exertion; and, though unable to do justice to the subject, feel my highest honour

honour consist in the display of those
sentiments of respect and loyalty, by
which I am impelled to subscribe my
self, or equal would give scope to,

confer glory on the exploits of the

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

well accompanied cavalier. In this

more obliging, **THE MOST OBLIGING,** the pen,

instead of the sword, pays the ho-

THE MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

image of admiration, all our grateful

will, and best wishes, will be doubled

on the opportunity **THE AUTHOR**

London, by
MAY 4th, 1795



Royal Highness—To their more

affectionate efforts, I shall always be

proud to have added my feeble ex-

ertion; and though unable to do pos-

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honour

21

MONTFORD CASTLE

from the rude assault of the north and
north-east winds, which were often
it enjoyed an extensive prospect of
the circumjacent country.

MONTFORD CASTLE
on the banks of the prospect, which
was as rich and various as the cultivation
of land would admit in the
kingdom. The refreshing scenery made
amends for the intense heat of many
preceding hours. **CH. ATP. II.** And delicately
formed, the productions of nature sur-

EARLY in the reign of king Richard I.
while that monarch was absent on the me-
morable business of the crusades Rosalind,
daughter of the Baron de Montford, one
of the nobles who attended the king on
that expedition, was enjoying the tem-
perate breeze of a summer's evening on
the battlements of her father's castle in
Northumberland; employed in

This castle had been settled on the an-
cestors of the Baron by William the
Conqueror, and stood on the borders of
an extensive forest, which sheltered it
from

from the rude assault of the north and north-east winds, while, on every other side, it enjoyed an extensive prospect of the circumjacent country.

The attention of Rosalind was occupied on the beauties of the prospect, which was as rich and various as the cultivation of land would, at that time, permit in the kingdom. The refreshing zephyr made amends for the intense heat of many preceding hours. To a mind delicately formed, the productions of nature, surveyed on an ample scale, ever afford the most exquisite sensations of delight; and in the contemplation of these, Rosalind lulled herself into an oblivion of her father's absence; of the many youthful indulgences from which it restrained her; and of the ruinous means, he, in common with the rest of the nobility of the realm, had employed to equip himself for the expedition, when her faculties were suddenly drawn off to a scene which was passing at a considerable distance from the castle.



The

The first object that struck her was a single man lightly armed, and well mounted, who, for a time, maintained an unequal conflict with two opponents, who seemed resolutely bent to deprive him of life; a task which his extraordinary vigour and address rendered less easy than she at first imagined.

That sentiment which ever attaches generosity to misfortune, and excites indignation against the appearance of villainy, would have impelled Rosalind, at the first sight of this action, to have sent assistance to the stranger, but, soon as the idea presented itself, she recollected that her father, as was the custom of most of the feudal lords, had deprived the castle of almost every domestic, and the neighbourhood of almost every vassal, capable of bearing arms, to increase his suite, and raise his estimation in the eyes of his sovereign.

But had her inclination been attended with all power of execution, and rapidity of injunction, the fortune of the stranger seemed, for a time, to render her interference unnecessary, for, in a few minutes

struggle, he had thrown one of his antagonists, apparently dead, from his horse, and seemed to press the other with irresistible prowess, when a third person made his appearance, and sided with the weaker party.

The spirits and strength of the unknown cavalier did not, even now, seem to desert him; he charged both the assailants with a prowess, which seemed to augur certain success; but, suddenly turning round, he gave the spur to his steed, and seemed to depend on flight for that safety, which his courage before had appeared so able to insure him.

This mystery, for so it appeared to Rosalind, was soon unravelled by the appearance of twelve or fourteen horsemen, who, at full speed, pursued the unfortunate fugitive, who seemed to bend his course directly to the castle.

Pity induced the daughter of the baron to wish to afford an asylum to a stranger, under such circumstances; but the dread of taking an improper step in her father's absence

absence, and a consciousness how ill the present inhabitants of the castle could repel the attack of a determined band, furiously pursuing an hapless victim, kept her in suspense; however, the stranger himself rendered deliberation unnecessary, for he avoided the castle, and held his course directly onwards to the wood, of which, when he approached a very thick and entangled entrance, he dismounted, and, leaving his horse at large, rushed in on foot.

His pursuers, who were at a considerable distance, perceiving this, rode up to the spot, and seemed to hold a council, the result of which was, that, with many marks of chagrin, they forbore further pursuit, and galloped off a different way from that of the castle; and Rosalind, having caused the stranger's horse to be secured, as an estray, for the use of the lord of the fee, retired to her apartment.

CHAP. II.

THE baron de Montford was descended from one of the Norman adventurers, who had attended William the Conqueror in his descent on this island, and had received the castle, with an extensive domain, as a reward of his attachment; but the part of the kingdom where it lay, was so subject to continual inroads from the Scots, that industry was repressed, and the young peasantry, in general, preferred the turbulence of war, to the labor of husbandry, in a situation where the hope of the labourer was seldom attended with fruition; where the needy Scot would in a day, wantonly destroy, or rapaciously carry away, the expectation of a year.

The baron had also an estate in Normandy, but his rents, from that, were so irregularly paid, and, even when accumulated in long arrears, the produce of
 them

them so small, that he seldom found it worth his while to go over, in person, to collect them.—Under these circumstances, it is not to be supposed, he abounded in wealth: he was poor, his tenants were so too; and the aids he had lately taken, to make his son (who went with him) a knight, had so exhausted them, that the young peasants, almost all, followed their chief to the war, preferring to seek their fortune in the fields of Palestine, to staying at home, and convinced that the poverty of their fathers would as well protect them against the depredations of the Scots, in their absence, as their own prowess could if present.

The estate of the baron was still farther incumbered by a mortgage he had made on it, to raise money for his expedition, which the usurious Jews and Lombards, who then held most of the current cash in the nation in their hands, contrived to make as ruinous as possible.

A cousin of Rosalind, named Cynthia, an orphan from her infancy, and who had

constantly been brought up with her, was her companion in the castle; and they were attended by two damsels, and one squire, named Launcelot, who had been brought up, from his infancy, in the castle, and who, joining to a great fund of attachment for the whole house, of his protector, a native valor, a ready wit, and an unoffending simplicity of manners, was a great favorite with all the family, so much, that the great distance between him and his superiors was often levelled, and he conversed with them on terms pretty much approaching to equality.

The morning following the adventure, mentioned in the last chapter, Rosalind was giving an account of it to Cynthia, in the presence of Launcelot, and describing the valor of the unknown cavalier, while Launcelot was descanting, with his usual drollery, on the goodness of the horse, and his equal aptitude to fight or run, when, to their great astonishment, a pannel in the hall, exactly opposite to them, seemed to be shaken by some violent blows,

or

or other efforts, on the other side, and soon after to be moved sideways, and backwards and forwards.

Though this was the age of superstition, the day light, and quantity of company, took off all dread of supernatural agency; yet the females feared they knew not what, and fled to the remotest part of the hall, while Launcelot, having called aloud for assistance which did not come, drew and stood on his guard, resolved to face the worst, and die for his mistresses, if occasion required it.

This suspense did not continue long, for, after some heaving to and fro, the pannel, though with great difficulty, seemed to slide along a groove, and a figure, sword in hand, armed cap-a-pee, and covered with filth and dust, appeared before them.

Launcelot was overjoyed to see he had but one antagonist, at most; but the intruder, as soon as he was in the hall, threw down his sword and fell on one knee: this was all the power of discre-

tionary action left him, for, having performed this abasement, he fell on the floor as dead.

Charity instantly impelled all present to assist in recovering him from this condition, especially, when Rosalind declared, she thought his armour resembled that of the cavalier, whose adventure she had been describing. His helmet being unloosed, they discovered that his powers of breathing were almost suppressed, by the quantity of dust he had inhaled: water was provided, and by the assistance of Launcelot, and the damsels of the castle, who had been sent to help him, the cavalier soon recovered his faculties of motion and speech.

The first use he made of them, was to throw himself at the feet of the ladies, on whose countenances the traces of their late consternation were still visible: he craved their pardon, in the most respectful terms, for the manner of his intrusion, which, he assured them, was involuntary; but that having been driven, by the necessity

city of avoiding destruction from superior numbers, to take refuge in the neighbouring wood, he had, to shelter himself, gone into a sort of cavern, where he pursued his way, through a subterranean passage, till he knew not how to return, and, by mere accident, had found his way into the hall of the castle. He added, that, from the assistance he had received at their hands, he drew the most flattering signs of their humanity, and hoped they would permit him to remain where he was, till, by rest and refecton, his strength, which hunger and fatigue had greatly depressed, was restored; and till he could procure himself a horse, in lieu of the one he had lost, and without which, he could not, with safety or honor, pursue his journey.

To this Rosalind, on whose mind the circumstances he had mentioned, left no doubt he was the cavalier she had seen the preceding evening, without hesitation, answered, That common christian charity had induced them to render him the assistance which appeared so necessary to his

existence; that the further extension of it depended entirely on their conviction that it was not to an unworthy person, which could only result from a faithful account of himself, and the causes which had induced so many persons to seek his life with such malicious inveteracy.

"Fair lady," replied the stranger, "such satisfaction as can accrue to you, from a narrative of my misfortunes, I have no right to refuse, but I fear they will less repay your pains in hearing, than excite your compassion; they are more like to make impression on pity, than curiosity, and will afford more occasion of condolence, than opportunity of instruction."

Mean time Launcelot, whose most tender sympathies were excited by the mention of hunger in the stranger's speech, had made such a stir, that the oak table in the hall was covered with eatables, and he had once or twice, during the late conversation, plucked the stranger's arm, and pointed at them, with emphatical expression,

pression, when he, at length, by desire of both Rosalind and Cynthia, sat down and ate with a voracity obviously the result of pining fast.

In this interval, it may be proper to inform the reader of the cause of the loose pannel, and subterranean passage, by which the stranger found his way into the hall.

The castle had been built by a Saxon lord, long before the conquest, who had been accustomed, when the neighbourhood was invaded by the Scots or Danes, to marshal his tenants and dependants in his hall, and marching them at night through this subterranean passage, which had been constructed on purpose, they came out, after many windings, into a part of the wood, where they could again form themselves in battle array; and, by these means, he and his successors used to carry death and dismay into the tents of their adversaries, who, ignorant of the real cause, often attributed their destruction to the Genius of the Isle.

This

This secret was never known to the Norman possessors of the castle, in consequence of which, the passage, so long disused, was become (especially near the building) exceedingly foul, and hence that difficulty of pushing the pannel along the groove, which had almost occasioned the suffocation of our unfortunate adventurers.

The castle had been built by a Norman lord, long before the conquest, who had been accustomed, when the neighbourhood was invaded by the sons of Dan, to march his men and dependants in one hall, and marching them at night through the subterranean passage, which had been constructed on purpose, they came out, after many windings, into a part of the wood, where they could gain some advantage in their arms, and by these means he and his followers used to carry death and dismay into the hearts of the invaders, who, ignorant of the secret, often perished in their delusion to the Genes of the life.

This

CHAP. III.

WHEN he had done eating, Cynthia, whose curiosity was on the stretch, and who had been eyeing the cavalier with a mixture of surprize and impatience, reminded him of his promise to communicate his adventures, and requested immediate performance, with which he instantly complied.

"My name," said he, "is Edmund Matravers: my father was a Norman baron, whose valor, and the partiality of his sovereign, had procured him a very large addition to the patrimony he received from his ancestors; a patrimony, from which his unfortunate son is probably, forever, excluded.

"My mother was sister to the famous Rosamond Clifford, better known by the name of Fair Rosamond, of whose unhappy end you are doubtless informed.

The

The union of my father and her was founded in love, was continued in tenderness, and would have terminated in peace and happiness, but for that treachery I am about to mention, which destroyed our family's peace, and my hope, and left me a wanderer through the world, beset with dangers, and without a relation to relieve or pity me.

Among my father's most particular friends, was a young Norman nobleman, who frequently came to England, and resided entirely in my father's castle, in Suffex, and, in return, when my father went into Normandy, his friend's castle was his chief abode, though he had there a very spacious domain of his own.

This nobleman, whose name was Longueville, was polite, brave, and honourable; he had travelled, and knew, almost better than any body, the various interests of the princes of Europe, so that in the cabinet, or field, he was equally qualified to shine, and would have shone, but he preferred retirement, and self-possession.

session; to the bustle of public affairs, and contented himself with serving his king on great emergencies, and urgent occasions, only.

About a year after I was born, the prior of a neighbouring convent, a great partizan of Becker, who, by his apparent sanctity, imposed on all the neighbourhood, became enamoured of my mother, whose confessor he was: that character gave him easy access, and frequent opportunities of privacy with her, and she, at first, took his ardent manner, and numerous visits, for the effects of zeal; but he soon put it out of her power to deceive herself, on that point, by expressing his desires in a way not to be misunderstood.

Need I say he was repulsed with disdain and horror;—my mother was shocked at a proposal, at once so derogatory to his character, and her own, and, not content with merely rejecting it, threatened to disclose it to my father, and draw down all his vengeance on himself. And

"And what have I to fear from that?"
 answered the artful priest, "is not the ex-
 ample of your monarch, long sunk in
 "merited disgrace and contempt, by a
 "struggle with my sainted patron, whom
 "he murdered, sufficiently recent, and
 "formidable, to deter you from endea-
 "vouring to involve your husband in a
 "similar contest?—What layman, from
 "the king to the peasant, dares meddle
 "with a man of my character and func-
 "tion? and, if it is referred to my co-
 "elestial superiors, whose avowal, do
 "you think, will go farthest, that of the
 "Barons Mataveri, or of the Abbot
 "Hubert?—I have made you an offer,
 "which, I think, does you honour; you
 "have had the folly to reject it. Let us
 "both be silent on the subject, for, de-
 "pend on it, if you mention it first, you
 "will repent it in tears of blood!"
 The effect produced by the brutality
 of this speech cannot be described, nor
 easily imagined. The development of
 hypocrisy, and shameless avowal of pri-
 vacy,

fligacy, were sufficiently mortifying to a mind endowed with any feeling; but the consciousness of having received such insults, from such a character, gave a poignancy to indignation, which kept my mother silent, while confusion and resentment marked her aspect.

Hubert was not unmindful of these appearances; he saw the danger of leaving my mother to entertain projects of revenge, which though they could not, perhaps, immediately affect his life, might, at some future crisis, be of fatal consequence to him; he therefore repeated his threats, and added to them a caution to her to let what had passed remain buried in silence; nay, to make that silence more secure, not to alter her conduct towards him in the minutest particular. "Depend on it," said he, "if I ever discover, by the baron's behaviour, that he is possessed of our conversation of this day: if he appears estranged; if a fresh confessor is admitted to the castle; if the smallest deficiency of attention,

"or kindness, arises to infuse a mistrust in
"my mind, from that moment you are
"lost. I shall let this occurrence entirely
"escape my memory: do you banish it
"from your's, and, instead of condemn-
"ing my attempt, applaud my modera-
"tion, which permits you to resist it, and
"seeks no revenge." Saying these words,
he departed.

"My mother, who knew too well, in the
fatal instance of Henry II. the unlimited
power of the clergy, after some considera-
tion, resolved to do as Hubert had di-
rected her. To appear to forget, and in
truth to forgive an injury, was to her, who
was the mildest of women, no difficulty;
but for her, in whose mind religion was a
principle most effectually prevailing—for
her to perform the offices of that religion,
confession particularly, with a miscreant
so depraved, so abandoned, so deficient
in every virtue, was matter of extreme
difficulty, and serious embarrassment.

"But Hubert, in whose mind villainy
was as paramount as virtue and piety were
in

in my mother's, measuring her feelings by his own, was persuaded that her forgiveness could never be real; that she only waited for the advantage of an additional influence over my father's mind, to work his ruin; and dreading lest he, whose whole life was a practice of consummate hypocrisy, should, in his turn, be the victim of dissimulation, sought to arm himself against its effects, by an additional appearance of sanctity, by popular acts in the neighbourhood, and by cultivating my father's friendship with more than ordinary pains.

In these efforts he succeeded so well, that the laity of the country looked on him as a saint, and my father blessed Providence for having favoured him with a friend, so perfectly resembling the most perfect models of christianity.

CHAP. IV.

THINGS had been in this train about two years, when the Baron de Longueville arrived from the continent, and took up his abode, as usual, at my father's.

He was hardly there before the extraordinary influence of Hubert, over the mind of his friend, gave him the greatest uneasiness, and alarm. He, more acquainted with the world, more used to the various forms of simulation, and ever on his guard against the knavery of the priesthood, who, he knew, seldom ingratiate themselves but to destroy, suspected some particular view in the constant attentions of Hubert; and, seeing through the mask his treachery knew so well to assume, despised him as a hypocrite, and hated him as a villain. He frequently remonstrated with my father on his extraordinary attachment

attachment to this crafty priest, and forewarned him of evil consequences, sure to result from it.

“My father turned a deaf ear to these remonstrances, and, wrapt up intirely in his good opinion of a man who was the theme of universal celebration, felt hurt at Longueville's frequent observations on the subject, which did Hubert no injury, but tended to lower the adviser in my father's esteem.

“Not so my unfortunate mother: she, ever pleased with Longueville's address and eloquence, could not help feeling an extraordinary gratification, when she saw them employed in the detection of that villainy, the recollection whereof Hubert had, with her, made no effort to mitigate, but had ever since treated her with contempt, and rudeness, and used much of his influence with my father to weaken his attachment to her. She was pleased when Longueville's surmises, of Hubert's hypocrisy, coincided with her own knowledge; and happy in the belief, that if he could

could persuade my father to take a trip to the continent with him; the renewal of the strictness of their ancient friendship might weaken, and, in time, eradicate his partiality for Hubert.

Nothing is so easy as for a hypocrite to know he is detected: the constant vigilance necessary to such a character, to preserve its operations from the glare of publicity, is attended with a suspicion of every person, whose sagacity, or situation, renders it likely for them to fathom the dark recesses of undiscovered guilt.

Hubert, guilty and hypocritical in the greatest degree, was alarmed at perceiving that Longueville did not pay him the same respect he was in the habit of receiving from others. He had the address to gather from my father the opinion of the baron concerning him, and, from a knowledge of that, determined his ruin.

My mother, whom the project of persuading her husband to visit Normandy now delighted more than ever, had frequent

quent discourses with Longueville on the subject, and, as it was unavoidable that Hubert's name should be occasionally mentioned, their perfect agreement, on this subject, where almost every other person held contrary sentiments, heightened their good opinion of each other, and made their conversations more frequent and longer than they had formerly been; and my mother, at length, weary of Hubert's tyranny, and the visible estrangement of my father, resolved to acquaint Longueville of the priest's behaviour towards her, and to concert with him some method of opening the eyes of my father to the true character of his perfidious confessor.

“ Hubert, in the mean while, had taken advantage of the visible deference my mother paid the baron, and the obvious delight she felt in his company and conversation, to infuse the most baneful jealousy into the mind of my too-confiding parent.—Spare me, fair ladies, spare me, I beseech you, the progress of this dreadful

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ful circumstance; do not compel me, by developing the particulars of villainy, to expose likewise the weakness and blameworthy credulity of a man I must venerate, of a man, who, except in the instance before us, never betrayed want of judgement, and whose life entitled him to be called, as he often was, *the mirror of honor*; I avoid circumstances then, and hasten to the horrid catastrophe.

“ My mother, having determined to disclose the villainy of Hubert to Longueville, took an opportunity, when my father was not at the castle, to inform him of it. To avoid being overheard, she engaged him to walk in the wood at a small distance. My father, just then returning home, seeing his wife and Longueville in close conference, and having his mind inflamed with the horrid insinuations of Hubert, did not doubt that the *tête-à-tête* before him tended to his dishonour. Under the influence of these ideas, he, attended by his squire, who happened to be with him, stole unperceived

perceived to the spot where Longueville and my mother were sitting. She had deposited her intended confidence in his breast, and he was proceeding to give his advice, when, fatally for all parties, my father arrived just as he pronounced these words.

"It must be our particular care, fair lady, to prevent this transaction coming to your husband's knowledge—the injury his honor sustains by it will not be felt while he remains in his present happy state of ignorance; but every effort must be used, by us both, to weaken the influence of Hubert over him. That traitor!"

"Then art thou traitor, and he a saint," exclaimed my father, frantic with rage, and, rushing forward, he immediately plunged his dagger in the bosom of my mother, while his attendant, according to the instructions he had received, struck Longueville down with the falchion my imprudent parent had given him for the purpose.

"The blow received by the unfortunate baron was instantaneously mortal; his head was cleft in two.

"My mother survived a few minutes. The first use she made of her returning senses, was to implore my father's attention to her dying words:—she assured him of her innocence, and lamented she must die without communication with the the holy church; "Take," added she, "this key, and you will find, in my casket, that which will convince you your friend was true, and your wife chaste; and, oh! when the bitter moment of self-condemnation arrives, shew to yourself that mercy you have not shewn to my imaginary offence, and may your forgiveness of yourself be as sincere as the pardon I now give, and, with my last breath, implore heaven to bestow on you."

"When rage, and pride, had a little subsided in my father's breast, he became sensible of the horrid vacuum he had created there, by the destruction of two persons

persons so dear to him, whose merits now returned in glowing colours to his view, and the possibility of their innocence drove him almost to madness: he charged his attendant to say nothing of what had happened till he should have examined the proposed proofs, after which he would give directions.

“ The first thing he found in the casket referred to, was a letter written by his unfortunate lady, declaring the whole transaction between her and Hubert, which she had intended to give him, but was dissuaded by Longueville. The simplicity of the story, and the train of attendant circumstances which now rushed on my father’s mind, left him no room to doubt its veracity; he found, besides, a letter from Longueville to her, declaring his passion for a young lady in Normandy, and lamenting, that the visible coldness and estrangement of the baron, my father, prevented his making it known to him, and imploring his assistance, which, he was sure would be effectual.

"The conviction produced by these papers, operated on my father's sanguine temper with immediate and irresistible violence; he drew his dagger, yet with his wife's blood, and with a suddenness, which defied prevention, thrust it in his own breast, and instantly expired.

"The first thing he found in the cabinet referred to, was a letter written by the unfortunate lady, detailing the whole transaction between her and Robert, which she had intended to give him, but was dissuaded by Longueville. The publicity of the story, and the strain of mind and circumstances which were raised on my father's mind, left him no room to doubt its veracity; he found, indeed, a letter from Longueville to her, detailing his passion for a young lady in Normandy, and lamenting, with the usual conventional effing and duffing, the mismanagement of the patron, in not then, preventing his marriage with her, and imploring his assistance, which he was too weak to refuse.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

“ WHEN my father's squire saw the horrid act perpetrated, which he had been utterly unable to prevent, he locked the room door, where my father lay, and made haste to find Gerbin, my mother's gentleman usher, and my tutor, a Norman of much learning and unaffected piety, and zealously attached to our family. These two consulted together on the late events, and the result was, that, alarmed for the consequences, and terrified at the possible construction the action of my father might bear, they took my mother's casket, and all other valuables they could find, and without acquainting me, then under five years old, with their motives, carried me with them, and finding a ship ready to sail, got on board and immediately proceed-

ed to Normandy; but, not thinking themselves safe there, they went and concealed themselves in a small habitation in the Alps.

"The prudence of their measures was apparent from what immediately followed, on the discovery of the bodies, so prematurely slain. Hubert, whose intimacy in my father's family was well known, and whose reputed sanctity gave him unlimited credence, gave out that the Baron Matravers, having caught his wife in adultery with his friend de Longueville, had put both to death; and that the discovery so recently made, and so severely punished, had induced him to commit suicide; that the irregularities of the baroness were well known to him (Hubert), and that the child she had borne was the offspring of an adulterous connection, to which Gerbin was privy: that he and Sampson, the squire, had plundered their deceased master of all his valuables, and absconded, thereby defrauding the church of its deodands;
and

and of what ought to have been applied to the performance of masses for the deceased. The consequence of these assertions, and of Hubert's infernal industry, was, that my father, mother, and the baron de Longueville, were refused christian burial; my father's personals were confiscated to the church; his real estates, in England and Normandy, reverted to the crown; sentence of excommunication and outlawry were pronounced against my two protectors, and ecclesiastical sentence of bastardy against me.

"When arrived at our retreat on the Alps, Gerbin gave me to understand, that I was sent there, by my father's orders, to be instructed by him and Sampson in letters and arms, and that I should not see my father for some time. Gerbin's relations, who knew where he was, supplied books and a steed for my use, and he and Sampson made it their unceasing labor to qualify me as a soldier and a scholar.

"Whether.

“Whether it was merely owing to the facility of childhood, I know not, but I soon ceased to think of my parents, and readily acquiesced in Gerbin’s desire, that I should take the name he assumed, and pass for his son; indeed the pains he took to cultivate my mind, and store it with useful knowledge, his assiduity and increasing kindness, gave me an almost filial veneration for, and attachment to him. Nor was Sampson behind-hand in his endeavours to make me excel in arms; my day was divided between the two, and I hardly know in which I was most delighted, study or exercise.

Time thus flew away till I entered my seventeenth year, when my good old protector, Gerbin, after much solemn preparation, disclosed to me those events which marked the end of my unhappy parents, and the transactions which had affected me since. “The time is not yet come,” said he, “openly to assert your birth, or to accuse any one, much less

“less Hubert, whose reputation for sanc-
“tity, together with the power of his
“order, increase daily. But I have
“hopes, from the king’s affection for
“your unhappy aunt, which yet re-
“mains unextinguished, and the daily
“proofs he gives of goodness of heart
“and justice, that he will hear the pe-
“tition of an helpless orphan, and if he
“cannot (for, alas, his power is shame-
“fully narrowed by the clergy), if he
“cannot restore you all your rights, his
“protection may be of some service, and
“confer a lustre on your name, though
“not effectually better your estate.—
“This day fortnight you shall sail for
“England.”

“I leave to your imagination, ladies,
the effect the narrative of Gerbin had
on my mind. Glowing with indignation,
and utterly inexperienced, I had resolved
on instant vengeance; but that prudent
monitor so well employed his ascendancy
over me, in the fortnight which formed
the interval of my departure, that I felt

entirely convinced by his arguments, and implicitly resolved to abide by his directions, which were, to keep the name I was then known by, while I was in England; to obtain a speedy audience of the king, and then to follow his advice, without deviation or delay.

“For the purpose of facilitating my introduction to his majesty, Gerbin got letters from a Norman nobleman, a relation of my father, to a nobleman in London, kinsman of my mother, which I was to deliver. He also put in my hands the letters I have before mentioned, to authenticate the narrative I had to deliver to my sovereign.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

"IMMEDIATELY on my arrival in London, I hastened to present myself to the nobleman to whom Gerbin had procured me a letter; nor can I describe the sensations I felt: inspired by the hope of being seen and acknowledged by a relation, a hope I had never before been permitted to entertain, I had exalted my ideas of the person I was about to see to the highest pitch; I expected perfection in its most venerable form; but all my expectations were infinitely exceeded, by the appearance and deportment of the earl: in him the majesty of age was blended with the graces of youth, and sentences of wisdom, flowing from his tongue, seemed to borrow the dress and fascinating charms of wit, so that while they carried instant conviction to the

the senses, the beauty of expression, and purity of thought, rivetted them for ever to the memory.

“ His reception of me was kind and paternal in the extreme. He declared how readily he would employ his fortune, credit, and prowess, for my re-establishment, but that he knew the inutility of such an application, while Hubert had the reasons he had to oppose him :—” But despair not, fair cousin,” said he, “ you are young, and many turns of fortune will yet occur in your favour ; you shall see the king to-morrow, and, I doubt not, he will comfort, and, to the utmost of his power, assist you. Would his power were greater ; but his life, alas, seems doomed to misfortune :—the early part was embittered by the loss of your incomparable aunt ; much of his succeeding time, by his unhappy quarrel with that arch hypocrite, whom we are now constrained to call *St. Thomas* ; and, in his old age, he has the curse,

“ the

“the bitterest, perhaps, of all, of dis-
 “obedient children: they are now in
 “arms against him, and the faithful ad-
 “herents of the crown are exerting
 “all their power in behalf of their
 “sovereign.”

“The earl, shortly afterwards, intro-
 “duced me to his lady, and his son, a
 “youth about my own age, to whose
 “friendship he particularly recommended
 “me: to me such recommendation was
 “superfluous, for the appearance of youth-
 “ful grace and amiability, in Walter Fitz-
 “owen, recommended him to my heart
 “more strongly, by an instantaneous pre-
 “possession in his favor, than the most
 “exquisite eulogiums could have done, or
 “perhaps even the knowledge of his vir-
 “tues, and merits, without that sentiment.
 “In a word, our friendship commenced
 “from that moment, and increased with
 “our acquaintance.”

“The next morning, the earl pro-
 “mised to introduce me to the king. My

“earl

“heart

heart beat with rapture at the proposal; not that I expected any particular advantage to be the result, but because the character and misfortunes of the king, so universally interesting, and the unnatural war in which he was engaged, gave me a zeal, an enthusiasm in his cause, which is perfectly natural to youth, and burns with peculiar violence when called forth in the cause of insulted dignity, and suffering virtue.

When I saw his majesty, all ideas of whatever I had seen of great and amiable, or of what my imagination could represent of those qualities, seemed utterly effaced by his inexpressible superiority: the beauty and interesting melancholy of his venerable countenance; the whiteness of his hair and beard, obviously resulting from care more than age; the fire of his eye, which floods of tears had not been able to dim; and the strength, firmness, and beauty of his form, indicated, at once, the sovereign, the

the hero, the statesman, the man of feeling, and the man of woe.

“ My introduction was not embarrassed by the detail of my sufferings. The earl, at a prior interview, had made the king acquainted with them: he received me most graciously, and on contemplating my countenance with an eye of uncommon scrutiny—“ Before God, “ youth,” exclaimed he, “ there needs “ no written document to prove your “ relation to that lovely white rose, “ whom I shall never cease to regret; “ that rose of the world, whose juvenile “ sweets, choked by an envious thistle, “ were too soon restored to earth, “ our common mother. Your countenance beams an exhilarating resemblance of her charms, and this, my “ constant companion, could hardly, more “ powerfully, recall to my remembrance “ those features, whose recollection is, “ at once, my joy and regret.” Saying this, the king drew from his bosom a miniature

miniature of fair Rosamond, which, having kissed with fervor, while a tear bedewed his cheek, he shewed to me.

"I gazed with rapture on the portrait, which excited a confused recollection of my mother's features, though the idea was far from perfect; but the beauty of the picture, and the compliment his highness had made me, on my resemblance to it, thrilled my soul with a sensation of self-complacency, and dutiful obligation, only known to those whose good fortune it is to receive condescending acknowledgments from their superiors: I felt an overwhelming joy at my heart, while my face was covered with blushes and tears.

"The king indulged his feelings and mine a while, but soon after resuming himself—"Were those sons of mine," said he, "whose unnatural limbs are now cased in armour to destroy my quiet, and curb my lawful rule; were they, and those rebellious ba-

rons,

"rons, who, seduced by the artful re-
 "presentations of a treacherous and in-
 "pacious clergy, now side with them
 "against me, to unite, to support my
 "throne, with that zeal and resolution
 "they now exert to overturn it, I should
 "not, at this moment, feel the pain, a
 "most cutting one to a royal mind, of
 "being obliged to deny, or delay justice,
 "to a suppliant subject, the son of a royal
 "noble; but, as you know, the public re-
 "stitution of your rights must convey an
 "unimpaired knowledge of Hubert's
 "guilt, whose troublesome disposition I
 "well know, that step would be at-
 "tended with consequences, probably,
 "fatal to me: he could alienate the
 "hearts of a great number of my sub-
 "jects, already wavering in their loyalty;
 "and increase those embarrassments,
 "which are now near sufficient to over-
 "whelm me. Yet what can, with safety,
 "be done, I will do. At this time to-
 "morrow, a grant of all the estates in
 "Eng-

" England and Normandy, which be-
 " longed to your late father, shall be
 " executed to you, some favourable
 " change of public circumstances may
 " enable you to take advantage of it.
 " Mean time you shall receive knight-
 " hood at our hands, and shall go as a
 " volunteer, in the present war, to Nor-
 " mandy, where your prowess will doubt-
 " less justify our partiality.

" He then drew his sword, and with
 a solemnity, I never before witnessed,
 made me a knight. After repeating the
 usual words of ceremony, " Bear thou,"
 said he, " the white rose for thy device,"
 " and God, and fair Rosamond, be thy
 " speed. Take this ring," added he,
 pulling one from his finger, " let it in-
 " spire thee to deserve our friendship,
 " for by that token shall Henry ever
 " be thy friend:—that ring was Ro-
 " samond's."

" Here his majesty became so much
 affected, that the earl, who knew his
 man-

manner, motioned me to take my leave, which I did, with as much suddenness as respect would permit, bearing with me a most ardent personal attachment to my sovereign, a most acute sensation of his woe, and grateful sensibility of his favors.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

THE next morning he had another audience of his majesty, according to his orders of the preceding day. But how shall I describe the alteration these few hours had made in his appearance? He had received news that his rebellious sons, aided by the French king, had made such rapid progress, and were in such strength, that resistance, with the small power left him, would be vain; and he had nothing to look to but a peace, the terms of which his overbearing sons, flushed with conquest, made as degrading and disadvantageous to him as possible.

“That brilliancy of hope, confidence, and resolution, which the day before had illuminated his fine countenance, was now vanished, and its place usurped by the sombre shadow of despair. No mark of
of

of tears was visible, but the fire of his eye, which before cast a pleasing light on his visage, was now reduced to a lambent flash, denoting the agony of a broken heart. His pace was irregular, and disordered, and the muscles of his face seemed relaxed and fallen, so as to produce an appearance of helplessness, debility, by no means agreeing with that strength, and vigor, which his appearance of yesterday denoted.

"My young knight," said he, as soon as he saw me, "though the hand of affliction lies heavy on my heart, yet it hath not produced a forgetfulness of your welfare: there is the grant I promised; may it soon be of use to you. While I contemplate your features, I cannot but regret, that ever I was doomed to be the parent of children by any other than that affectionate congenial woman whom you resemble: the worthless viper who destroyed her, and who now encourages her unnatural offspring in rebellion against

“ against their father, never possessed the
“ least affection or tenderness towards
“ me.—Oh! may she be ever accursed,
“ and accursed be, for ever, those un-
“ dutiful ingrates, whose insolence, in
“ successful rebellion, now weighs me
“ down, prematurely, to the grave.”

“ Here the king’s feelings became too
violent for suppression; he wept, and un-
derwent the most shocking agitations of
features, while an universal tremor pos-
sessed his frame, and left him greatly
enfeebled.

“ I could not restrain my tears at
this affecting sight, and his majesty seem-
ed pleased with this tribute of sympa-
thy. Soon, however, recovering himself,
he held out to me the grant, and a
large purse well filled. “ Here youth,”
said he, “ Rosamond’s nephew shall
“ never be entirely dependant on the
“ bounty of any one, while Henry re-
“ tains the power to act, in a degree
“ however small, consistent with his feel-
“ ings. It hath ever been my misfor-
“ tune

"tune to anticipate merit by liberality;
 "this has produced all my disquiets;
 "yet experience shall never infuse into
 "my heart, that frigid caution which
 "refuses encouragement to virtue, or
 "turns a deaf ear to distress, merely
 "from having met with ingratitude,
 "from individuals formerly favoured.
 "I am now," added he, "very ill, there-
 "fore forego the pleasure of your fur-
 "ther conversation.

I kissed the king's hand with rever-
 rence and affection: he said I should
 soon see him again. Alas! I little thought
 this was my last interview, but his pa-
 roxysms of grief and rage, which con-
 tinually recurred, from the recollection
 of the ill treatment received from his
 sons, brought him soon, and unexpectedly,
 to the grave. In a word, this amiable
 and truly great monarch died of a
 broken heart.

"but this does not impel Richard to
 "follow his father's steps—to enforce
 Vol. I. no. 10. CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

"AFTER the interment of the king, I consulted with my good friend the Earl Fitzowen, what steps were best for me to pursue, since I had lost the prospects held out to me by the benevolence of Henry: whether I had better solicit from Richard, his successor, a confirmation of the grant of my estates, or let my claims and character rest in temporary oblivion?

"The earl strongly recommended the latter. "The king," said he, "feels I believe a sincere remorse for the share he took in the actions which caused his father's death, and his brother John affects to join in the same sentiments: but this does not impel Richard to follow his father's steps—to enforce the Constitutions of Clarendon, or in any

“any respect, humble the clergy: on the
“contrary, he is absolutely devoted to
“their commands, and is endeavouring,
“by all means, however unjust and de-
“structive of good order and govern-
“ment, to raise money, and men, for
“an expedition to the Holy Land;
“while his brother John, an unaccount-
“able compound of atheism and super-
“stition, of religion and villainy, craft
“and stupidity,—a man who doubts a
“deity, while he trembles and adores
“a relic; this man holds unlimited in-
“fluence over him, and, with Eleanor
“his worthless mother, sways the pas-
“sions of the brave, open, unsuspecting
“Richard, to what purposes he pleases.
“He, then, is not to be depended on,
“should accident incline him to second
“your pretensions; but I much fear the
“contrary, for Hubert is among the
“priests, he most favors.”

“I expressed despair at this prospect,
and a dread that, among other means,
my estates would be sold, to raise mo-

ney for the king; but here the earl relieved me: he said he had mentioned to his majesty, that his predecessor had made a grant of them to one, who, from unfortunate circumstances, could not, at present, avail himself of it: to which the king, with his usual generosity, replied, "that if his father had made a grant of half the kingdom, that grant should be attended to; and that the earl's declaration should be admitted as proof of the fact."

"My mind at ease in this particular, we proceeded to consult on my future destination; and, at length, the earl determined that I should travel with his son, for some time, which would improve both, and give the best finish to our manners, while it enlarged our experience and conceptions."

"This scheme was accordingly put in execution, and the benevolent earl took all possible pains to prevent every apparent distinction between his son and me: but we were too much united by affection

tion

tion to feel any difference in external respects. I omit the detail of my travels, which consisted merely of such adventures as youth, with a liberal allowance and full of spirits, are likely to encounter. We had the good fortune to be distinguished at many tournaments, and acquired some academic honors at the foreign universities; we had also some opportunities of flashing our swords in the fields of Mars. In a word, we did not return to England for near three years; years, the happiest of my life, whose rapid flight I can never sufficiently regret.

At length the earl sent for Walter home: his mother was dead, and the youth's approaching maturity made him solicitous to see him again. We accordingly returned; and never did the lack of paternal fondness appear to me more deplorable, than on this occasion: Walter's father received him with transport: his youth seemed renewed, he appeared enraptured at his words, and his slight-

best gestures appeared to the earl the most refined, most elegant, and most perfect human nature could attain to.

"To me he was cordial, affectionate, and friendly, and I believe, next to his son, loved me better than any human being: but, alas! how wide the distance between parental affection, and the most refined and generous friendship!"

"I still continued my borrowed name, but was better known by the title of the Knight of the White Rose; the earl constantly introducing me as a distant relation of his own highest blood."

"Soon after our return to England, my friend became enamoured of Jacqueline, daughter of the Count de la Main, a widower of good family, but not over rich: he consulted his father on the subject, who, far from opposing his wishes, immediately made overtures to the count, who gladly embraced them. The young people entertained reciprocal affections, and the match was expected

with joy and interest by all who were acquainted with them."

to be speedily concluded, when an unexpected event broke all our measures. The old count had granted a mortgage, on his estate, to a Lombard, who was now dead. A considerable Tatter of interest had accumulated, and the widow, who was sole executrix in regard, threatened immediate proceedings. The count's pride forbade an application to the creditor who would, doubtless, have relieved him; but the widow, ambitious of raising her son, having made a proposal to the count, that, if he would marry her, she would forego the mortgage, the younger pretence of visiting some estate in a remote part of the kingdom, left London, and, shortly afterwards, consummated his nuptials with her.

The news of this wedding was, certainly, a great surprise to us all. Jaqueline insisted that it was her duty to go and pay her respects to her father and new mother; we could not but acquiesce in the propriety of her determination, and agreed to escort her to a short dis-

rance from her father's, without going to his house, where, we judged, our appearance might create some embarrassment.

"The parting of the lovers, at the appointed place, was solemn and tender beyond expression; they both seemed to feel that violent depression of spirits, which, I am persuaded, is frequently prevailing, as it is almost constantly, the forerunner of misfortune.

Their melancholy communicated itself to me, inasmuch that, after leaving Jaqueline, Walter and I hardly exchanged a word in our return to London.

The lovers promised to correspond during their separation, and, for some time, Jaqueline's letters came very regularly: they were full of affection, though, occasionally, mingled with complaints against her step-mother. One thing, indeed, gave us some uneasiness, which was, that the count had never, since his marriage, returned an answer

to

to the earl's letter of congratulation, or taken any notice of the proposed match; but this uneasiness was greatly increased, when, at length, Jaqueline desisted from writing, nor could all Walter's letters procure any answer.

"This conduct drove him almost mad; however, he determined to be guided, in the matter, by his father's opinion. On its being mentioned to the earl, he, already incensed at the count's neglecting to answer his letter, flew into a violent rage.

"Now, by God," exclaimed he, "this
"pitiful count, having married a ple-
"beian lump of money, prefers turn-
"ing usurer, and increasing his store
"by extortion, to ennobling his race by
"an alliance with my family. His
"choice be his punishment; never shall
"son of mine own an alliance with
"him, till he knows properly to value
"the honor. Come," added he to
Walter, "be not cast down, I will re-
"plenish your purses, and you and Ed-

"mund shall again travel. What, lads!
 "I warrant the warm beauties of Italy,
 "and Spain, will soon make you for-
 "get this girl, and, perhaps, to mortify
 "her, and break her father's heart, you
 "may each bring home a princess."

"Though the view last mentioned
 had no effect on us, we readily saw that
 travelling was the best scheme we could
 adopt, under the present circumstances,
 and resolved to make immediate pre-
 paration.

"Now by God," exclaimed he, "this
 "pitiful count, having married a pic-
 "tural lump of money, picture him-
 "ing water, and increasing his store
 "by extortion, to enriching his race by
 "an alliance with my family. His
 "choice be his punishment; never shall
 "son of mine own an alliance with
 "him, till he knows properly to value
 "honor. Come," added he to
 "Water, "be not cast down, I will re-
 "fresh your spirits, and you and Ed-
 "mund

CHAP. IX.

OUR arrangements were now complete, and the day of our departure very near: at hand, when, to our great surprise, as I was at Walter's apartment one morning, in rushed Blanch, Jaqueline's maid, with haggard eyes, hair dishevelled, and a wild aspect, imploring audience for her mistress's sake.

"This name instantly rivetted my friend's attention, who, almost speechless with agony and surprise, prayed her to proceed immediately.

She then informed us, but in a broken and unconnected manner, that the intrigues of the countess had so estranged the affections of the Count de la Maine from his daughter, that he had placed her in a convent, near York, and meant to compel her to profess herself;

as soon as Hubert, in whose visitation the convent in question lay, could make a circuit thither, where he was expected in a few days. That Jaqueline had made every resistance in her power; that she had sustained, with patience, all the modes of ill usage which malice could inflict, before she could be prevailed on to promise to profess; but that, at length, her mother-in-law, having the sole authority delegated to her, had proceeded to inflict stripes, threatening to increase them daily, and, at length, to make away with her, if she continued her resistance.

"That she, Blanch, had been confined in a different part of the castle, and not permitted to see her mistress, or to write; but that, after Jaqueline was gone to the convent, she had been less strictly attended to, and had contrived to make her escape, and with infinite difficulty proceeded to London.

But I was almost petrified at this narrative of unfeeling barbarity, and abandoned

done villainy; but Walter was utterly overpowered: he gnashed his teeth, groaned inwardly, and was, at length, relieved by a profuse gush of blood from the nose, or, I really think, nature must have sunk under the agony of the impression.

“When he was a little come to himself, we consulted together what was to be done: our deliberation was mere violence, the result of it, therefore, could be nothing but absurdity; at least, so dreadful experience teaches me now to moralize. We resolved, at all hazards, to rescue the lady, and, for that purpose, to take leave of the earl that day, under pretence of visiting some of the distant counties of England. To this he, who had never suspected our imprudence, readily consented; he had before furnished us with money, so that little remained besides taking leave.

“We set out, attended by Walter's squire only, without any digested plan, but with an absolute contempt of danger,

ger, and a firm resolution to execute what we had resolved, at all hazards.

“When we arrived at the village nearest the convent, it was near midnight. We were given to understand that Hubert, who in that part of the country was commonly denominated saint, was at York; that the next day was fixed, by him, for the profession of nuns, and that a dispensation was granted for such as had not completed their novitiate.

“This intelligence convinced us we had no time to lose; we, therefore, concerted our plan, and having instructed our squire to wait with our horses and arms, at a particular place, climbed the walls of the convent garden, and lurking in the thickest of the trees, waited, with impatience for day-break.

“Early in the morning we saw several nuns, from time to time, come into the garden, and were in hopes we might, at length, see Jaqueline; nor were we disappointed; she, with a solemn pace,
and

and face suffused in tears, approached the place where we lay hid. "Never were joy, and surprise, more forcible than at the meeting of these two lovers; danger seemed equally contemptible to us all, and it was madly resolved to scale the walls, immediately, and bear away our prize. "Considering that it was day, and many muns about, and the difficulty we had in getting Jaqueline up and over the wall, I have often since been astonished that the execution of this mad enterprize was not discovered in the moment of it's performance; however, it was not, for we bore the lady safely to the place where Fitzowen's squire waited for us, where wrapping her up in one of our cloaks, and arming ourselves, to be prepared for the worst, we dismounted the squire, and setting Jaqueline on his horse, travelled, as fast as we could, till noon, when we came in sight of a pretty considerable town.

"We

"We halted in a wood, at a small distance, and sent the squire forward to reconnoitre; he soon returned with the agreeable news, that no intelligence of Jaqueline's flight had yet reached the place. He was immediately sent back, with orders to purchase for us peasants' habiliments, in which Jaqueline, Walter, and myself, were soon equipped, and going boldly into the town, the two lovers, without delay, went to the first church and were married.

"We tarried, where we were, only for a little refreshment, and then set out again, hoping to reach the sea-shore, and get a vessel for some foreign country, where we could stay till means were found to publish the marriage, and reconcile all parties to the rashness of the step.

"With this view we had travelled on two days, avoiding towns and high roads as much as possible, but, as we were not well acquainted with the country, I believe we made but small progress,

gress, when we were obliged to shelter ourselves in a thick wood, against a thunder storm we saw approaching. While we were in this gloomy recess, we had the mortification to overhear some men, who had come near the same place to take refuge from the same storm, give an exact description of Jaqueline's person, and the dress in which she left the convent; and add, that she was already described all along the coast, so that she could not escape by sea, and small doubt was entertained of taking her, in whatever part of England she might secrete herself.

"You may guess how much we were alarmed at the purport of this discourse. We withdrew to some distance from the place where we had been, to consult what to do: we resolved, at length, to travel no more by day, but to find some effectual place of concealment, and that the squire and I should visit the nearest sea port, and engage a vessel to carry us to the continent, from whence we could

could equip another, which should return and fetch away this ill-fated couple.

The next day we had the good fortune to find in the wood, what appeared to be a wood cutter's cottage, now deserted; here we determined to fix our abode, and so fearful were we of discovery, that we buried the cloaths Jaqueline had worn at the convent, and made a bed of leaves for the lovers, which they covered with their cloaths, and made as comfortable as they could.

Here I resumed my arms, and taking the squire with me, went to a neighbouring sea port to find a vessel, having left Walter and his wife the provision we had brought with us, being enough for them for five days, before the end of which we promised to return.

CHAP.

would lay off with his vessel, and at an
 appointed signal, come to the spot where
 we were, and take us on board. "With these joyful tidings, and a
 cheerful anticipation of the rapine with
 which they would be received by my
 OUR expedition was more fortunate
 than could be expected, for I happened
 to meet with the captain of a vessel
 who had brought me to England, and
 to whom I had rendered considerable
 services. I informed him, by degrees,
 of my wish to convey to the continent
 a lady, whom I had stole from her pa-
 rents, and to whom I was married, but
 that I had reasons to fear their resent-
 ment, and, therefore, was extremely so-
 licitous the facts and manner of my
 flight, should be a while concealed.
 "The captain immediately promised
 to do whatever I desired; he entered
 heartily into my interests, swore he would
 die, with pleasure, in my service, and
 appointed a place on the beach, remote
 enough from all habitations, where he
 would

would lay off with his vessel, and, at an appointed signal, come to the spot where we were, and take us on board.

"With these joyful tidings, and a cheerful anticipation of the rapture with which they would be received by my friend and Jaqueline, I, on the fourth day after my departure, returned to the cottage. My heart danced with the most pleasant of all expectations, that of rendering an amiable couple happy; but never shall I forget the consternation and despair which seized me, when I found the cottage utterly deserted.

"A thousand confused sensations rushed on my mind in a moment: I knew it was impossible for them to have wandered away, by mere accident, as it had been agreed, before I left them, that they should not go out at all, or, if they did, that they would not go out together; but one should be always at home.

"The squire, who possessed, on this occasion, a little more presence of mind than

than I, soon made me observe the traces of a vast number of feet, both of men and horses, near the spot; these gave me the most gloomy forebodings; yet, determined to ascertain the worth, I resolved to pursue them, and find out the fate of my friends.

Every thing I had left in the cottage, I found exactly as it was, and hardly any of the provision consumed, from whence I conjectured that my friends had left the place soon after me. I put on my peasant's dress, and, giving the squire instructions where to wait for me with my horse and arms, I set out, on his horse, and followed the track of the cavalcade to a considerable town, at about twenty miles distance.

I put up at an inn, where I found every mouth full of the adventure of the two persons who had passed through there a few days before: some admired their youth, beauty, and affection, but more reprobated their crime, while a few

few pitied the exemplary punishment
like to attend it. Of course I burnt with impatience
to hear the particulars of these persons,
whom I could hardly doubt to be my
friends, but was forced to rein my cu-
riosity till my meal was prepared, when
mine host sat down with me, and, with
the loquacity which characterizes those
people, informed me of all the parti-
culars. He said, that a young gentleman,
he knew not who, had stolen a professed
nun from a convent, and had remained
hid with her in a wood, and, in all pro-
bability, would never have been disco-
vered, but that providence, ever anxious
for the holy catholic religion, had, by
a miracle, led to the detection of these
sacrilegious heretics. Providence, he said,
had revealed to father Hubert, in a
dream, a particular mark on the nun's
neck, by which she was distinguished,
which he had published, and promised

a free pardon of all crimes, ecclesiastical and civil, and a large reward in money, to whoever should discover her and her abettors. That a deer stealer, a few nights back, happening to be in the forest for the purpose of purloining venison, his dog, refusing all game, had led him to a deserted cottage, where, by the dawn, he had discovered the lady, marked as had been advertised, fast asleep in the arms of her paramour. The deer stealer immediately applied to the sheriff for a posse, and the couple were taken early the next day. "They are gone, on to York," added mine host, "where an ecclesiastical commission is to be held, and I doubt not, their fate will be an example to all convent breakers." "Let you and I, my friend," continued the loquacious landlord, "and all other christians, who have good consciences, bless God and St. Thomas, therefore, for you see, a priest may be inspired in a dream, a dog in the forest,

“forest, and a thief in the dark, to bring heretics to justice.”

“Mine host’s stomach was as capacious as his tongue was voluble; so he had eat and drank all before him, without perceiving that I did not second his destructive efforts, and he was, from intoxication, soon rendered incapable of seeing at all, or he must have perceived the effect of his narrative on my countenance. My blood chilled at my heart, my tongue cleft to the roof of my mouth, and I felt a sensation similar to the approach of death, from which I had great difficulty to rouse myself.”

“Yet there was a point, in this narrative, which gave me some hope; namely, that Jaqueline was stated to be a professed nun, while I knew very well she was not yet professed; yet I trembled when Hubert was mentioned as being so active in the business, and that he pretended to miraculous interpositions: these are always fatal signs in a priest.”

I de-

I determined, however, to make the best of my way to York, and accordingly set out immediately after dinner."

"I arrived at York late at night, where I found an unusual solemnity prevailing in every countenance, and ever fearing those appearances which tended to the disadvantage of my friends, I construed this dismal aspect of the inhabitants of the city, into a woeful presage of their past, or approaching fate."

"Nor was I mistaken:—I was informed by a grave old man, whom I interrogated on the subject, that an ecclesiastical commission had been held the day before; that Hubert had positively sworn, that he himself had performed the ceremony of profession, consequently that Jaqueline was a nun in orders; that her running away from the convent, and Walter's abetting her, subjected them both to the punishment due to heresy and sacrilege; that the commissioners had passed sentence, and delivered them over to the secular arm:

and that they were to be executed on the morrow early.

"This intelligence so shocked and incensed me, that, I believe, had I had my horse and arms, I should have made an attempt, however desperate and unavailing, to rescue them. I cursed myself a thousand times, for the share I had had in the adventure; lamented that I had not communicated our project to the earl, whose face I now could never see again. In short I passed the night almost in a frenzy, racked with the most agonizing reflections: now foaming with rage, now sunk in despair, and drowned in tears; self-condemned, comfortless, and sleepless.

But did the return of morn bring relief? Alas! no: it brought the fatal recollection who was to suffer, and for what. My soul rejected all ideas of consolation; and I am persuaded, had my own fate been approaching instead of that of my friends, I should not have anticipated it with half the horror.

END

I

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

THE inhabitants of the city were now all in motion; a solemn hum, the dismal forerunner of a dreadful event, resounded through every street; the archers and spearmen were parading before the prison door, waiting for their victims; the mob was assembled to behold the horrid spectacle; I mixed amongst them; every heart seemed fraught with grief; yet I could not help observing, that their veneration for Hubert exceeded the horror of the punishment about to be inflicted by his procurement.

At length I saw my friend brought forth and fastened to the stake. His youth, beauty, and heroic deportment, excited universal admiration; every tongue uttered an ejaculation for his pardon,

and every hand was lifted to heaven in his behalf.

“What were my sensations at this awful moment, I must leave to imagination; they render the powers of description poor and unavailing: so young, so lovely, brave, learned, sincere, and virtuous, yet all these qualities, and a perfect innocence of the fact for which he suffered, could not save him from a fate so untimely and dreadful.

“I saw him, with a god-like contempt, reject the officiousness of a foolish priest, who, at such a crisis, offered him what he called consolation. I saw the arch-villain Hubert, full of the affected meekness and overbearing dignity which ever attends ecclesiastical superiority, with an unmoved countenance, look on the hapless victim, reduced to that state by his crimes. I saw the executioner put fire to the surrounding faggots, while Fitzowen, with a serene and smiling countenance, beheld the proceeding. I could see no more—my
eyes

eyes refused their office—I escaped the croud, and got into a street, at some distance, to recover breath and spirits.

“I was informed my friend suffered his unmerited punishment, with an heroism, which would have extorted love and veneration from Tartars, Cannibals; any breasts but those of the unfeeling clergy.

“When the flames were near him they brought forth his wife, hamstrung and mangled, to behold his end. With celestial composure he addressed her,

“Pity me not, beloved wife,” said he; “soon shall we meet where persecuting, perjured priests can never come.”

“I myself saw the unfortunate lady carried back to a convent:—she sat on a kind of chair, in a hurdle, which was covered with the blood of the innocent sufferer. Her face was mangled in a manner too shocking to describe, or for any, but a ferocious priest, to inflict. Her tongue cut out, she lifted her appealing eyes to heaven, where her inno-

cence and untimely fate are registered, and whence, I trust, justice will not fail to overwhelm her oppressors. I was informed that she expired, in a few hours, in agonies undecipherable.

"Hover yet a while, celestial spirits," exclaimed I, "about this detested place: I am resolved to execute vengeance on the villain who hath destroyed the first, and, with you, the last of my comforts; your cause, less than my own, I seek to avenge, and will prosecute my design at all hazards."

"I myself saw the unfortunate lady carried back to a convent:—the last on a kind of chair in a burlap, which was covered with the blood of the innocent sufferer. Her face was mangled in a manner too shocking to describe, or for any, but a merciless priest, to inflict. CHAP. I. The nobleman cut out the lifted her up, placing her in heaven, where her innocent

CHAPTER XII.

"THREE days, successively, I lurked about the monastery where Hubert made his temporary residence, waiting for an opportunity to execute the vengeance I meditated.

"I had sent an order, by a private hand, for the squire to attend, at an appointed place near York, with my horse and arms; and, by some of those *pre-sentiments*, which, though not founded in reason, influence the mind more forcibly than the best arguments, I had directed him to disguise my shield; and well for me it was I did so.

"I was greatly surprized, on the fourth day, as I was going to my accustomed station, to hear myself proclaimed, by the title of the "Knight of the White Rose," as an abettor of Fitzowen and Jaqueline,

and a very considerable reward offered for finding me.

"The way I came to be thus pointed out, was, as I am since informed, as follows: the vessel I had appointed to convey those hapless lovers to the continent, lay off, according to my instructions, day after day, till, at length, she attracted the notice of the armed vessels stationed to guard the coast; one of whom had boarded her, and compelled the captain to declare his motives for so long hovering about; after he had taken his departure; and, from his answers, they had gained so much information as had implicated me in the guilt for which my friend had suffered.

Careless of life, and confiding in my disguise, this event did not hinder my waiting, as usual, for Hubert. In the solitary hours I passed near an angle of the monastery wall, how many dismal reflections agonized my heart. Some-

" Sometimes I exulted, with a savage joy, in the prospect of avenging so many murders, in the death of the hypocrite who had committed, or occasioned them. My glowing fancy represented to me, the monster pierced to the heart with my dagger, writhing in agonies, and surrendering his impious soul to kindred fiends.

" At other times my pride, and sense of honor, revolted against the step I had resolved to take. " Is it fit," I would say to myself, " is it honourable, for the son of Matravers, the Knight of Henry, to lurk thus, like an assassin, watching an opportunity, privily, to destroy his enemy?—Are the deaths he has occasioned thus revenged, or the honourable spirits he has expelled their mortal fabrics thus to be appeased? Ah! no; his life is a small compensation for the humblest of theirs; it is not by his murder, but by his public exposure, and degradation, that they are to be satisfied."

"While I was immersed in these reflections the priest appeared, and now passion entirely took the lead, principle had no longer any controul. He was alone—I rushed forward, and plunging my dagger in his breast, "Wretch," exclaimed I, "the Knight of the White Rose, the son of the Baroness Matavers, strikes the blow."

"He fell, and I, frantic with fury, was about to repeat the stab, when a boy who attended him, but had been left a little behind, turned the angle of the wall, and seeing what had happened, founded a horn he had at his side for assistance.

"Though life was indifferent to me, an instinctive emotion urged me to endeavour to preserve it. I fled, and the persons who first obeyed the boy's summons, in their anxious care for Hubert, thought not of pursuing me.

"I reached the spot where the squire was waiting for me, and briefly reciting what had happened, while he armed me

me, advised him to return to the earl to excuse my conduct as much as possible; and add, that though regret and shame would prevent my ever seeing him again, I should never cease to feel a proper gratitude for his favors, and reverence for his person.

"Ales! Sir," said the squire in tears, "I have just heard that the earl, having received intelligence of his son's fate, is fled; no man knows whither." I was extremely affected at this intelligence, but refused the offers of the squire to attend me, and giving him the greater share of the money I had left, and his master's horse, took my leave of him, and set forward on a hopeless journey, without friends, and without a view in life, save what tended to its immediate preservation; which I determined to seek, by imploring the protection of the King of Scotland.

For some days I travelled on, avoiding all frequented paths, and inhabited places. Necessity, at length, compelled

me to put up at a village in this neighbourhood. There I found every person full of my story, which was told with all circumstances to my disadvantage, and many exaggerations. I had likewise the mortification to learn, that Hubert's wound was not mortal, or even dangerous, and that I had been proclaimed with greater rewards than before, for bringing me to York alive or dead, but not by the name of Murravers, which much surprized me.

While I was listening to every body's discourse, which could give me any information on my own affairs, a man entered the house where I was, and, surveying me with an eye of uncommon scrutiny, whispered mine host, who also immediately began to stare at me, and both I went out together. Alarmed at these appearances I flew to the stable, and, mounting my steed, left the place immediately; but, before I had rode far, saw myself pursued by fifteen or sixteen persons. The

two best mounted first came up with me; then I engaged, and, I believe, slew one; but soon after another, and, after him, the rest came up. Finding it to no purpose to maintain a conflict so unequal, I made the best of my way to the neighbouring wood, and, quitting my horse, rushed in, determined, if I could find a place where my enemies could not surround me, to die in defending myself; however, they did not pursue me; and the accident I mentioned before, led me, this morning, to the hall of this castle, where I have broken my fast, for the first time these three days.

“ Thus, ladies, you have heard my
“ unfortunate adventures; you see me
“ here in the most abject state of human
“ wretchedness. My hope of reclaiming,
“ at any future time, my paternal estate,
“ utterly blasted by the flight of the
“ Earl Fitzowen, the holder of King
“ Henry’s grant, and, except his son,
“ the only witness of it. I have lost
“ my steed, so cannot, at present, pur-
“ sue

" sue my journey to Scotland. I dare
 " not adventure to buy a new one, be-
 " cause the pursuit after me will now
 " be hotter than ever, and my person
 " is known. I know not why I desire
 " to live, yet I will not meanly lay
 " down life to escape danger: no, I
 " will seek death amidst honourable pe-
 " ril, convinced that that alone can pro-
 " duce my emancipation from misery.

myself; however, the accident I mentioned before,
 led me, this morning, to the hall of
 this castle, where I have broken my fall.
 Thus, ladies, you have heard my
 unfortunate adventures; you see me
 in the most abject state of human
 wretchedness. My hope of obtaining
 at any future time, any paternal estate,
 is blasted by the sight of the
 Earl Fitzwarrin, the holder of King
 Henry's grant, and, except his son,
 the only friends of my father, have lost
 my herd, so cannot, as picture, pur-
 sue

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

ROSALIND and Cynthia, whose attention to the preceding narrative had been interrupted only by the effusions of sensibility and surprize, seemed now to breathe with more freedom; and though each of them longed to make a thousand incidental enquiries and observations, they could, for a long time, only utter general reflections: they paid Desdemona's tribute, "A world of sighs,"

They swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

Edmund seemed buried in thought on the various revolutions of his eventful life, when Launcelot, first solicitous to divert all present from their gloomy train of

of reflections, began to chaunt forth the praises of trusty squires.

“ Aha! Sir Knight,” said he, “ you
“ valiant cavaliers may think as you
“ please of your prowess, your abilities,
“ your this and r’other, but, without a
“ faithful squire, they are of as little use
“ to you as a boot without a sole. You
“ see, Sir Knight, all through your ad-
“ ventures, the use of a squire: my
“ honest brother Sampson preserved you,
“ and taught you to preserve yourself,
“ while the good old dotard Gerbin was
“ stuffing your head with latin, and
“ logic, and such trash. By Saint James,
“ if you had trusted to your latin last
“ night, and not bestirred yourself as
“ you did, you might have been by
“ now in York jail, and never have got
“ out again, unless you could have la-
“ tined up the devil. But, you see, you
“ never prospered out of sight of a
“ squire, and directly you refused poor
“ Sir Walter’s honest lad’s assistance, a
“ judge-

"Judgement overtook you. Dye think
 "if he had been with you, you would
 "have had to wander in the woods
 "two days without a bit to eat? No;
 "no, a trusty squire, and good sumpter
 "bag, are as necessary to a knight as
 "his spurs. *Will you not ride?*
 "Thus Launcelot was running on,
 when the idea of the use of spurs, to a
 man who had lost his horse, first ex-
 torted a smile from Rosalind: "Sir
 "Knight," said she, "would heaven I
 "could comfort you in all your other
 "miseries, and restore to you all your
 "other losses, with the same facility
 "I can one which seems to dwell much
 "on your mind. We have your horse:
 "I saw the unequal conflict in which
 "you were engaged last night, and when
 "you dismounted, your pursuers not
 "thinking worth while to take your
 "steed, I caused him to be secured for
 "the lord of this demesne, my father;
 "but now, with much greater pleasure,
 "I restore him to you his right owner.
 "Hw " "Yet

"Yet think not I give the horse to get
"rid of his master; I should think I
"affronted that Providence, who, by a
"way so unfrequented and hitherto un-
"known to us, directed your steps
"hither, were I to send you abroad;
"amidst your foes, with no other pro-
"tection than your single valor, which
"force, or stratagem, must, in the end,
"overpower. I am the daughter and
"sister of knights, who now attend their
"sovereign's command in the Holy
"Land, or seek to redeem him from
"base captivity: such a relation teaches
"me, of course, to pity the distressed
"of a valiant knight, and for the se-
"crecy of all here, who are acquainted
"with your story, I am responsible."

"Courteous lady," answered Matravers,
"your hospitality, and the kindness of
"your present assurances, are the first
"sounds of comfort which have cheered
"my ears for many a day: I cannot
"but look on them as fortunate omens.
"I cannot remain long inactive; nor
"will

"will I be, for an unnecessary time, a
"burthen to your generosity. As soon
"as the hue and cry after me is a
"little abated, I will proceed on my
"journey: but the candor of my expla-
"nations may have convinced you I
"did not need the assurances, with which
"you favor me, to convince me of my
"safety."

"And yet," interposed Launcelot,
"who knows what effect a large reward
"might have on a poor squire—I al-
"ways longed to finger the gold of the
"church: my passage to heaven would
"be secured, and I rich and happy
"in this world, to boot, and all this
"for a trifling piece of treachery, roast-
"ing a knight, or so. Egad I would
"not trust myself in a corner with a
"devil shewing me all these advantages,
"and so easy a way to obtain 'em.—
"Come, come, Sir Knight, it don't fig-
"nify talking, I have not seen a knight
"a great while, and long for a little bit
"of ceremony. Come, whip out your
"sword,

" sword, and let me swear on it to be
 " loyal and faithful, and never betray
 " you. Let my prophane lips kiss the
 " ring of Fair Rosamond, and if ever
 " I injure you, in deed, word, or even
 " in thought, may all the woes your
 " family have experienced, and those
 " who occasioned them have deserved,
 " adhere to me and mine for ever."

Edmund, to humour the Squire, drew
 his sword, and permitted him to make
 his proposed asseveration, which he did
 with a gravity truly laughable. He then
 drew the ring from his finger, and Lancelot,
 after kissing it with fervor, handed
 it to the ladies, who each admired, and
 each engemmed with a tear.

Solemnity was now, again, settling on
 every brow, and Silence beginning her
 gloomy usurpation, when Cynthia en-
 quired what was become of honest Ger-
 bin and Simpson.

"I saw them while on my travels,"
 answered the knight, "and have no
 "doubt, both of them are yet alive,
 (browl) " and

“ and will long live. Gerbin seemed
“ overjoyed to see me, and Sampson
“ was transported at the news of my
“ being made a knight; only lamenting
“ that he could not be present at the
“ ceremony. He insisted, however, on
“ attending me in all my future ad-
“ ventures, and I had great difficulty to
“ persuade him to give up the resolu-
“ tion. I told him his honest old friend
“ Gerbin’s declining years might need
“ his assistance; but that had no effect.
“ At length I suggested, that his attend-
“ ance would be dangerous to me, as
“ he might be known by some of
“ Hubert’s emissaries, and thus mark
“ me out for certain destruction. This
“ argument had the desired effect.”
“ Gerbin insisted on presenting me
“ a list of all the effects of my father
“ and mother he and Sampson had
“ taken away at the time of their flight;
“ and an account of the application of
“ the monies, he would obstinately call
“ mine. I was obliged to pretend to
“ peruse

“peruse these papers, but absolutely re-
“fused taking any thing away, except
“a picture of my mother set in gold.
“What I left was more than sufficient
“to maintain my two friends, in ease,
“for the remainder of their days. I
“charged them to remain where they
“were, as I might not always be in a
“situation to hear of their motions, but
“might, hereafter, have occasion to call
“on them.”

Said Rosalind, “One thing particu-
“larly astonishes me, Sir Knight, which
“is the extraordinary rapidity with which
“sentence was passed, and execution
“performed, on your unhappy friend and
“his lady.”

“That is indeed astonishing,” an-
“swered Matravers, “if any irregularities,
“committed by the priesthood, are now
“astonishing. To whom shall the in-
“jured appeal against them? Is not
“the knowledge of the laws confined
“to them, and the execution of them
“entirely in their hands? Is not the re-
“gency

“agency of the kingdom, in the absence
“of the king, in the hands of the ec-
“clesiasties? Are not the subjects of
“this realm, in a word, given up, as
“a prey, to those devouring wolves in
“sheep’s cloathing?”

“I am surprized,” said Cynthia, “that,
“instead of travelling, after you had re-
“ceived the order of knighthood, you
“did not embrace the opportunity of
“going to Palestine with the king:
“there your courage, and skill in arms,
“would have established a name, had
“you had none before, and proved the
“most effectual recommendation to your
“sovereign. He, the soul of valor,
“would have been delighted with that
“quality in you, and you might, in the
“fields of Palestine, have raised a repu-
“tation which would have protected you
“against all enemies, and perhaps have
“facilitated your accession to your fa-
“mily estates and honors, more than
“any event the times can now bring
“forth.”

“That

"That God, whom hypocritical priests
"pretend to adore," exclaimed Edmund,
"is my witness, how zealously, inde-
"pendant of the probabilities you men-
"tion, I would serve Henry's son, in
"any but a holy war. But can I for-
"get the injuries my parents and my-
"self have received from the priest-
"hood, and range myself under a banner
"of their erecting? Rather had I, but
"that a son of Matravers shall never
"oppose his king, assist those our clergy
"term infidels, and work the destruc-
"tion of those whose existence has been
"my bane. Were I a soldier in a holy
"war, it is not improbable, but in a
"moment of rage I might fancy the
"aspect of Hubert mixed in some of
"the christian banners, and, under the
"influence of such an idea, trample the
"standard bearer to atoms, and destroy
"those I came to support."

Cynthia was sensible this key was too
afflictive for the knight, as yet, to bear
it to be struck with any tolerable com-

posure

posure. His words were madness, his looks the excess of fury: she, therefore, thought to change the subject, and quiet his agitation, by asking, what could be the probable motive of the earl Fitz-owen's absenting himself in the way he had done? The distance he was at, the rashness of the scheme his son had engaged in, and the testimony of Blanch, would have acquitted him, she thought, of all imputation of guilt.

The knight replied, "I rejoice, lady, "you have not yet that knowledge of "the world, which instructs me that the "circumstances you mention would avail "him nothing before the judges who "would have had to try him. The "clergy would have been his judges, "and his doom would have preceded "his trial. Even if he had been tried "before an ordinary tribunal, what could "he expect from judges who bought "their situation, but that they would "sell judgment? what from the riches "and malice of the clergy, but that

F

"they

“they would purchase his condemna-
“tion? He was ever obnoxious to that
“villainous body: he was a friend of
“Henry, and he alone had the courage
“to dissuade Richard from embarking
“in this abominable crusade, which
“drains Europe of men and money, to
“recover a trumpery piece of ground.”

“Hold, hold, Sir Knight,” exclaimed
Rosalind, “recollect how dear to me
“some are who are engaged in the cru-
“sade, and let us drop the subject. I
“see,” added she, “we differ essentially
“in our opinions on religious matters;
“but a truce with them; I will never
“betray you. I shall not see my con-
“fessor for near a month, till then this
“place may be your sanctuary.”

Our adventurer made proper acknow-
ledgements of the error his impatience
on this topic had led him into, and
promised to forbear entering on it in
future. And now he retired with Lann-
eclot to disarm: his legs were swelled
and inflamed from want of rest, and the

usual

unusual length of time he had continued in arms. He was accommodated with cloaths which Rosalind's brother had left behind him, and, thus equipped, rejoined the ladies.

THE Knight of the White Horse was now barely twenty one year of age, yet the gravity of his aspect, the result of much distress, would have made him appear to him believe him much older. His form was of some stature and graceful, his face considerably above, (though common) make, yet his proportions so excellent, and his deportment so elegant, that his face did not strike below a comparison; his nose inclined to aquiline, his eye was highly large, and still, and when the recollection of any of the more distressing scenes of his life awoke, on his temper, the fire it kindled, was an uncontrollable and beautiful. The whole of his countenance, or that in it, which is more particularly denominated characteristic, was irresistibly prepossessing.

His

CHAP. XIV.

THE Knight of the White Rose was now barely twenty-one years of age, yet the gravity of his aspect, the result of much distress, would have made all who saw him believe him much older. His form was at once athletic and graceful, his size considerably above the common make, yet his proportions so excellent, and his deportment so elegant, that his size did not strike but on comparison; his nose inclined to aquiline, his eye was bright, large, and full, and, when the recollection of any of the more disastrous scenes of his life acted on his temper, the fire it elicited, was at once terrific and beautiful. The whole of his countenance, or that in it, which is more particularly denominated characteristic, was irresistibly prepossessing.

His

His education was much superior to that of most persons, in an age when almost all learning was engrossed by the clergy. Gerbin had instructed him carefully in the dead languages, history, and as much as was then known of natural philosophy. He had also acquired most of the living languages of Europe, which he spoke with fluency and grace. The observations he had made on men and manners were acute, philosophical, and novel, so that his conversation, even on ordinary topics, was generally entertaining, and more profound than that of persons of his age, in general, even when they are on more serious subjects. Having been early introduced to most of the courts in Europe, his manners were uncommonly polite and engaging, while a constant recollection of himself, and his sufferings, was the best guarantee of his sincerity.

The constant terror he had been brought up in against the priesthood, had produced, in his mind, a thorough

contempt and dislike, not only of their order, but of every act in which they assisted, or which they dictated. Yet his innate sentiments of honor preserved the purity of his character, and, till priests, or priestcraft, became the topics of conversation by some other person's introduction, he never suffered a complaint, or sarcasm against them, to escape his lips.

The education of Rosalind and Cynthia was that of most young ladies of the age, amounting to no more than a knowledge of certain religious forms, and the legends then most current, which were generally of spiritual or temporal chivalry, in which history was perverted, probability disregarded, and truth violated, in every sentence. Their appearance denoted the difference of their characters. Rosalind was above the middle size, her manner serious, yet devoid of austerity; her eye mild, yet, when her feelings were particularly excited, it would beam indignation with irresistible force,

force, and check impertinence far better than the most virulent verbal reproaches; the usual character of her countenance, was hope, without discontent; cheerfulness, without the pert irregularity of mirth; her form was elegant, her motion graceful and deliberate, yet perfectly void of stateliness or apparent indolence.

Cynthia was as tall as her cousin, and her face would, in the eye of many, be thought more beautiful: her eye was full, lively, and rapid; her complexion sanguine; her gait alert, and fanciful; and in her countenance might be seen the rapidity of her conceptions, and the fervor of her imagination. With her, valor in a man was the first component principle of a character; possessed of that, she deemed other virtues secondary, and almost insignificant; while Rosalind, as much an admirer as her cousin of that noble principle, yet thought the human character possessed of it alone very imperfect: that admiration was to

be applied to the beneficial effects of that quality only, but that many other virtues must be given to its possessor, to render its effects frequently beneficial.

Rosalind loved the religion in which she was educated; she believed, with firmness, in all it taught her, and she could not, without horror, hear its tenets contemned, and its ministers vilified, by Edmund. Cynthia practised her religion with the same regularity her cousin did, but was perfectly indifferent as to others, whether they practised or detested, honored or scorned it.

The cousins had constantly been brought up together, and the strictest friendship, and most affectionate cordiality, subsisted between them. This had never been interrupted; they disclosed their thoughts, wishes, hopes, and fears, to each other without reserve.

The conversation of Edmund, so superior to any they had been hitherto accustomed to, formed their principal delight. His narratives of events he had

had been eye-witness to, and the clear and strong light in which he placed many points of history, with which they had been hitherto unacquainted, or which had been much misrepresented to them, rendered their surprize equal to their delight, in receiving knowledge in so engaging a form.

Launcelot, who, since the absence of his masters, had seen no knight at the castle, was charmed at the grace and dexterity with which he performed his exercises. His admiration was unbounded, and he frequently declared he thought him the flower of chivalry.

Launcelot made it a practice, from time to time, to go to the village from which the pursuit after our hero had commenced. At first, very sanguine hopes seemed to be entertained of finding him; these had grown less and less every day, till, at length, he was no longer talked of, and seemed to be utterly forgotten. Then the squire adventured, occasionally, to buy, for him, some necessary habili-

ments, but always conducted himself with extreme caution, declaring, that if, by his means, any accident happened to the knight, his death should anticipate the fate, in which he had precipitated the protégée of his ladies.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

UPWARDS of a fortnight had now elapsed since the arrival of our knight at the castle of the Baron de Montford. His health and strength were perfectly restored, he was furnished with all necessaries, and there was no mention of him about the country, yet he seemed not to think of departing, but appeared to feel, every day, more delighted with his situation.

The ladies, who had afforded him their protection, seemed to be as little solicitous for his departure as himself. His conversation was a delight they had never before experienced, they were unwearied in the task of deriving knowledge from a source so agreeable, and he had the satisfaction to observe their ideas daily expand from his information.

The enquiries of Rosalind were ever directed to the more instructive and moral parts of his communications. The policy of princes, the feats of heroes, the deliberations of the wise, and the achievements of the brave, were her favorite topics; while the lively Cynthia was never so much interested, as by descriptions of the brilliancy of tournaments, accounts of the splendor of foreign courts, and nobles, and, when she could get them, the intrigues, or amorous adventures of the courtiers and ladies, who had fallen under the observation of Edmund. Religion, and all matters relating to the clergy, were never touched on since Rosalind had explained herself to him on the subject, as above mentioned.

His address, knowledge, and talents of description, generally left both his hearers charmed with his conversation, and solicitous for a renewal of it; and, after passing a whole day in his company, the ladies frequently retired without a wish

but

but of meeting again: without an anxiety but that of recollecting fresh subjects for curiosity and coquetry, which might afford him fresh opportunities of communicating knowledge, and them of receiving it.

Who then can wonder, that thus in the habit of affording gratification, and receiving thanks and applauses, love should find its way into the bosom of Matravers. The ladies he had mixed with while on his travels had wanted the power to inspire him with any thing like a serious attachment. His hopes and fears were then generally on the stretch on account of another object, that of restoring his name, and recovering his patrimony; and the ardent desire of improvement, and pursuit of novelty, together with his youth, and expectation of a speedy return to his own country, prevented his cherishing the tender passion, or interesting himself about a mistress, farther than to grace his exploits at a tournament, or to afford a theme for

for his lyric effusions. But now his hopes and fears, concerning his estate, were suspended, and the subject cast into a temporary oblivion. His heart softened by sorrow, and the void left there by the loss of all his friends, indicated the necessity of attaching himself to some object, on whom his affections must lean.

These sensations (for so they were, rather than considerations), operating on a sense of obligation and protection, inflamed by the observation of superior beauty of person, delicacy of mind, and dignity of deportment, devoted, by an irresistible impulse, the homage of his heart to the lovely Rosalind.

On the other hand, though he affected or attempted not to resist the intrusion of passion, the improbability of its being ever attended with fruition, could not fail to strike him in the most forcible manner. He was at present deprived, apparently for ever, of all means of recovering his property and honor, an outlawed

lawed fugitive, whom society refused to admit, and against whose life the hand of every man was uplifted. He had not an habitation he could legally call his own, nor a view in life which he could plausibly say he had determined to adopt. Yet, whether it arose from the sanguine habit of youth, the uncontrollable nature of the passion which now possessed him, or from what other cause we pretend not to account, certain it is, he limited his hopes to the possession, his fears to the loss of Rosalind. Circumstances, and consequences, would occasionally enter his consideration; but the pleasing magic by which lovers are ever deluded, would, instead of the gloomy ideas introduced by such contemplations, continually conjure up the fairy scenes of mutual affection, and uninterrupted enjoyment; scenes to which sober reflection must ever give place; scenes whose frequent recurrence to the imagination, and deliciousness to the fancy, had enervate

enervate the powers of reason, and convince the lover, that what he wishes is sure to happen, while means and impediments are utterly disregarded. Yet passion could not, in the mind of Matravers, so far expel reason, but the more gloomy part of his destiny occasionally presented itself in its full force. How could he hope that Rosalind, in her father's absence, would listen to his passion? and were he returned, with what pretence could he divulge to him the nature of his pretensions? He could not offer an honourable asylum to the daughter; nor an increase of wealth and influence to the parent. He had no trophies, gained in war, to recommend his name, or conciliate his sovereign on his return: he had no friends to enforce his suit, or witnesses to prove his identity, save Gerbin and Sampson; and they, even supposing credit would be given to their testimony, could not be brought forward to give it, as they had both been

been outlawed and excommunicated soon after their flight.

These reflections induced the deepest despondency. The impossibility of his union with the object of his desires became irresistibly convincing, and he would curse the presumptuous precipitancy of his passion, from which he could now hope for nothing but additional misery, and perpetual despair.

"But why should I repine?" would he exclaim, "can a passion, which I am determined never to disclose, injure the object of it? Surely no. And as to myself, familiar as I am with misery, can I repine, if, after suffering all that can be inflicted by the rage of mercenary wretches, I am doomed to a small addition from a person so transcendently amiable? Can I grieve, if the life, which her generosity has saved, should be a little embittered by the recollection of my so lovely benefactor? Embittered! Her recollection
"embitter

"embitter my days! Accursed be the
 "thought. What can cheer my passage
 "through the world of woe, I am doom-
 "ed to encounter, but the recollection
 "of her charms, and the hope of her
 "smiles? for if I cannot claim at her hands
 "a reciprocal affection, at least I need
 "not despair that some of my actions,
 "borne to her ear by the breath of
 "fame, may meet her approbation."

b This beam of hope, brightened by the
 successive touches of youthful ardor and
 affection, would expand into an unclouded
 horizon of happy days, and the lover,
 under the influence of such suggestions,
 would forget every obstacle to the at-
 tainment of his wishes, which his more
 temperate consideration had ranged in
 such formidable array against his hap-
 piness.

These reveries soon became his prin-
 cipal enjoyment; for the timidity, ever
 attendant on real affection, urged him
 to conceal it as much as possible from

Rosalind;

Rosalind ; and, to indulge them, he would seek the most unfrequented parts of the park, and there spend whole hours ; his cheeks alternately bedewed with the effusions of despair, and flushed with the ardent glow of hope and extacy.

WHILE love was thus exerting an unlimited sovereignty in the bosom of our hero, he, with no less violence, invaded the peace of Cynthia. And once in dependence, and united to such attention, had not been taught to set that value on herself, which ladies of more refinement are apt to do. Her temper, frank and sanguine, never permitted her to think of rejecting the approaches of a passion for a person who surpassed all her ideas of excellence ; who possessed all the qualities she had thought estimable in the other sex ; and loved her some, whose value she could not remain long denying and still thinking undiminished. With the greatest brightness on her looks, and added

C H A P. XVI.

WHILE love was thus exercising an unlimited sovereignty in the bosom of our hero, he, with no less violence, invaded the peace of Cynthia. She, bred in dependence, and unused to much attention, had not been taught to set that value on herself, which ladies of more refinement are apt to do. Her temper, frank and sanguine, never permitted her to think of resisting the approaches of a passion for a person who surpassed all her ideas of excellence, who possessed all the qualities she had thought estimable in the other sex, and super-added some, whose value she could not refrain from owning, and whose, till then, undiscovered worth, beamed with the greatest brightness on her senses, and added

added to the flame she had so readily admitted.

The distressed circumstances of Mathers, which to a mind less ardent, would have been an insuperable bar, had the exact contrary effect with Cynthia. She pleased her romantic imagination with the idea of attending the fortunes of a forlorn adventurer. Fancy equipped her with a palfrey, and led her over mountains, deserts, and seas, in his company, while, to her courage and strength of mind, danger, inconvenience, and famine, appeared but as trifling obstacles. She amused herself with long and frequent reveries on the subject, unchecked by any of the scruples which agitated the bosom of Edmund. She feared no repulse from the object of her passion, and for the propriety of the measures it would lead her to adopt, resolved to consult her own feelings alone. Her only difficulty was to make the knight acquainted with her sentiments, without exposing the lovers to the dangers which they enjoyed.

wounding her own pride, or forfeiting his good opinion. To effect this, she revolved in her mind innumerable schemes, all of which displeased her; and laid many, as she thought, ingenious snares to draw him into a confession, which would relieve her from this mortifying task, or inspire him with sentiments so correspondent to her own, that, without verbal explanations, they might easily understand each other, and act accordingly.

But though both Cynthia and our hero found so much pleasure in thus indulging their respective imaginations, it produced no dissolution of the society they had so much delighted in. The knight was never so happy as in Rosalind's presence, Cynthia never blessed so much as in his. This kept the parties as much together as they could be, and it was only on those occasions, when dress, devotion, or the exercise necessary to Mattheus, separated them, that these solitary meetings of the lovers could be enjoyed.

enjoyed. They were each of them too solicitous to embrace the first moment of being in company with the beloved object, to waste the time, they could so employ, in idle speculations, which, however delightful, were but secondary gratifications.

Upwards of another week had elapsed in this manner, when the necessity of his almost immediate departure threw our adventurer into a state of the deepest dejection. He could not bear the idea of leaving the castle without making Rosalind acquainted with the state of his mind, yet he had no certain way of knowing whether her heart was not previously disposed of; a thought which gave him the most sensible torture: for even in that age, when love connected with the idea of a rival never failed to produce acts of the greatest violence, Matravers had too much delicacy to think he should recommend himself to his mistress, by the destruction of a person she preferred to him, or of taking possession,

possession, by storm, of the heart of a lady, which, in his mind, ought to be subdued by gentleness and persevering affection. Thus, while he burned to signalize his valor under her eye, in a way to acquire her good opinion, he dreaded nothing so much as the thought of a happier rival, against whom he could not resolve to employ his prowess; and as he disdained the idea of torturing a generous mind, by the repetition of sufferings she could never relieve, though they might excite her pity, he resolved, whatever it might cost him, to abandon a pursuit which he should thus be led to consider desperate; but if what he dreaded was not the case, to live in hope that some future time might prove favourable to his love.

He had frequently revolved this subject in his mind, with a determination, at the next opportunity, to learn his fate from the mouth of the lovely Rosalind. Yet when that opportunity occurred, the importance, to himself, of the enquiry he

possession
was

was about to make, and the presumption, and perhaps unexpectedness, of the passion he was about to disclose, locked up his lips, and he could never bring himself to utter a word on the subject.

As the time of his departure approached nearer and nearer, his reflections agitated him almost to madness. At length, in one of his solitary walks, it struck him, that it would obviate the awkwardness of the question he must ask, to have his most tormenting doubt resolved, if he gained intelligence on that topic from Cynthia, in whose breast all her cousin's secrets were deposited; and, upon further reflection, he thought if he could interest her in support of his passion, he should thus enjoy the benefit of a present advocate, high in the confidence of his mistress, and from whose judgment many of her opinions were formed.

The mind grasps, with singular avidity, any project which tends to relieve it from the torment of suspense, and is ever ready to dictate exclamations against

its own stupidity in not having sooner found the remedy: exclamations to which the poignancy of the evil ever gives the greatest violence. "Fool, that I am," cried he, "why should my mind be longer a prey to these agonizing doubts; I will immediately seek the lovely Cynthia, —"

— "And what doubt can I resolve," "Sir Knight?" asked Cynthia, who had walked accidentally the same way he had taken, who had seen many of his passionate actions, and who was almost close to him when he uttered the last words — words which convinced her the crisis of her fate with respect to him was now approaching, and which hardly left a doubt in her mind, that that crisis would be as she wished, as her name uttered with passion, after the agitations she had witnessed, did not permit her to imagine but that this was the cause of those violent sensations.

"Pardon me, fair Cynthia," said Edmund, "the manner in which I used
I "your

"your name; I knew not you were so
 "near, yet rejoice that I have so soon
 "met with you, after the resolution I
 "have taken to trust to your humanity
 "a secret, on which the ease and re-
 "pose of my life depends; a secret,
 "which I know not whether I shall suf-
 "fer most by revealing, or carrying with
 "me to the grave, as the event of its
 "disclosure exalts me into as much bliss
 "as a life so unfortunate as mine is ca-
 "pable of, or sinks me into an abyss
 "of despair, from which every ray of hope
 "will be expelled."

Cynthia's hopes were, by this intro-
 "duction, raised to the highest pitch; her
 "check was flushed, and her eye beamed
 "so much satisfaction and tenderness, that
 "had our adventurer looked up, he could
 "not have been deceived in the symptoms;
 "but he, with averted looks, and a down-
 "cast eye, thus continued:

"Know then, madam, my heart's
 "whole hope, my every wish, centres in
 "the love of your beautiful cousin: pol-
 "lens "

“ fessed of that, I can defy the storms of
“ fate, and laugh at the shafts of ad-
“ versity: without it, a change of cir-
“ cumstances, however favorable, could
“ afford me no satisfaction, and the aids
“ of reason, and philosophy, would, I
“ fear, be insufficient to bear me up
“ under the accumulated woe of her
“ rejection. Yet, so tender is my af-
“ fection, so far from seeking bliss at
“ the expence of her ease, that if she
“ entertains a partiality for another, my
“ vows shall never be an obstruction
“ to her indulging it; nor will I per-
“ mit even a sentiment of compassion
“ for me to interfere between her and
“ the enjoyment of that felicity she so
“ well merits at a more worthy hand.
“ Let me implore of you then, charm-
“ ing Cynthia, to be my advocate with
“ your fair cousin, if her affections are
“ not previously engaged; and if they are,
“ let me intreat of you a knowledge of
“ that fact, and thus spare myself the
“ task of giving her unnecessary pain,
“ and

“ and afford me the gratification of re-
 “ ceiving the intelligence, which destroys
 “ my hopes, from other lips than her’s;
 “ that so, in all my misery, I may re-
 “ tain the satisfaction of never having
 “ heard her voice but with joy, and ne-
 “ ver considering her speech but as the
 “ herald of comfort and hope.”

This address so unexpected, so remote,
 in its matter, from the hopes, and, indeed,
 expectations formed by Cynthia, had, at
 first, thrown her into the deepest surprize
 and confusion; emotions which were so
 strongly delineated in her countenance,
 that, could the timid Edmund have lifted
 up his eyes from the ground, he must have
 perceived the impression made by his
 words; but the length of time it took
 him to express himself as he did, afforded
 her leisure to recollect herself, and con-
 trol her features; but it was after a con-
 siderable pause, and in a tone far different
 from that in which she first accosted
 him, she delivered these words:

“ Sir

G 3

“ Sir

"Sir Knight of the White Rose, if
 "I understand you, you entertain a pas-
 "sion for my cousin, and wish me to
 "be the advocate of your suit, and to
 "inform you if you have a rival in her
 "breast. To the first of these requests
 "I answer, if your own merit is suffi-
 "cient to gain the heart of Rosalind,
 "it does not need the aid of my fee-
 "ble efforts to recommend it; if not,
 "they will do you small service; as I
 "should feel it a most distressing task
 "to persuade my cousin to an act, in
 "which her better judgment did not
 "perfectly coincide. To the second, I
 "think, you might have paid a better
 "compliment to my powers of secrecy,
 "than to suppose I should reveal what
 "must have been disclosed to me in
 "the tenderest confidence. But here
 "comes my cousin, address yourself to
 "her, by all means; she will resolve your
 "doubts, and decide your suit, without
 "giving you room to impute any of your
 "ill

"ill success, should that attend you, to
 "your folly in employing so feeble an
 "advocate:—Cousin," added she to Ro-
 "salind, who just then came up, "this
 "noble knight wishes to speak with you."

"I have been seeking, and wish to
 "speak to him," answered Rosalind.

"On the same subject, perhaps," replied
 Cynthia, departing abruptly, while her
 countenance was strongly marked with
 indignation, contempt, and rage.

CHAP. XVII.

OUR adventurer, thus abruptly thrown on the field of action, hardly knew how to extricate himself; he was every way beset with difficulties, and embarrassments. His intention had been, not to communicate his passion to Rosalind, but that he was now obliged to abandon: for, as Cynthia had said he wished to speak to her, he could not readily invent another subject on which to address her, and, had his presence of mind then happened to serve him, he well knew Cynthia would acquaint her cousin with what had passed, and thus would the first page of love, be blotted with falsity and deceit.

On the other hand, from the manner in which Cynthia had spoken to him, he drew the most unfavourable omens:

omens—the solemnity of her manner, which never varied but to give point to a sarcasm; the abruptness of her departure, and the allusion she had made to folly, and ill success, completely overwhelmed his hopes.

There is besides a difficulty, which few fail to experience who have to make a statement, which particularly interests themselves in making that statement twice over. This Edmund felt most forcibly. Hardly recovered from the embarrassment in which the first explanation of his passion had thrown him, he was thrust, unprepared, on the necessity of making that explanation again. He stood confused, tortured with various reflections which passed in his mind, with a rapidity which prevented his selecting or arranging any of his ideas, for a much longer time than silence ought to last where communication has been promised; when, at length, sensible that a longer continuance of his taciturnity might involve him in ridicule, without relieving

his

his embarrassment, in bettering his situation, he thus began: his voice low and trembling, and frequently interrupted from fear, while his eyes were immovably fixed on the ground, lest, in those of his mistress, he should read too early a confirmation of the sentence he dreaded.

"It was my wish, charming lady, not to have been under the necessity of personally disclosing to you those sentiments which now labour in my breast, and which, thus compelled to disclose, I tremble with the apprehension, that my tongue, rude in affairs of the kind, may not dress in such terms as to convince you of my sincerity and humility. Conscious of my insufficiency in this particular, I had attempted to interest your lovely cousin in my cause, hoping that her knowledge of you, and influence over some of your thoughts, might incline your mind to a favorable consideration of my sufferings, and produce that pity which my professions might fail to excite. I can hardly

30 hardly suppose it to have escaped your
 40 discernment, that, since my first recep-
 50 tion in this castle, I have felt the
 60 most ardent passion for you, my most
 70 amiable benefactress; small, indeed,
 80 were my gratitude for life preserved,
 90 if I felt not a solicitude to devote
 100 the remainder of that life to its pre-
 110 server. This had been an homage,
 120 under such circumstances, due to de-
 130 formity, to ill nature, and to vice it-
 140 self; but charms and merits, such as
 150 yours, heighten gratitude into passion;
 160 and the more they exalt you above
 170 my hopes, the more they inspire my
 180 ambition, to render myself worthy of
 190 you, and to interest you so far in my
 200 future fate, that, though destiny per-
 210 mits me not at present to call you
 220 mine, I may have the satisfaction of
 230 flattering myself, that my life is in
 240 some degree valuable to you, and the
 250 glory of acting solely with a view to
 260 your approbation. My love for you,
 270 fair lady, is for ever sincere to present
 280 and future times.

me to wish, or ask, you to share the
 "wild possibilities of my present for-
 tunes; but let it be added to my hopes
 of facing them, at some future period,
 wear a smile, that that smile will con-
 vey satisfaction to you, and that the
 heart of Rosalind takes some interest
 in the well-being of Matravers."

Had this declaration been totally un-
 expected, on the part of the person to
 whom it was addressed, the many marks
 of true passion with which it was ac-
 companied, could have left no doubt, in
 her mind, of its sincerity. In fact Rosa-
 lind had made the very observation which
 Edmund imputed to her, and supposing
 such an explanation as that before her,
 must, at some time or other, take place,
 she was prepared for it, and, without much
 hesitation, answered, "I may have been
 blind, Sir Knight, but I have
 not been absolutely blind to the in-
 dictions of passion to which you allude;
 and though I did not, just at this
 particular moment, expect the decla-
 ration."

o o

"ration

yfiration you have made, I cannot say
 off it was totally unexpected. With re-
 spect to the whole purport of it, as
 if it does not require of me a confession
 derogatory to my duty, to my absent
 parent, or binding on myself, to act
 in any manner contrary to his plea-
 sure, I will answer it with the same
 candor I give you credit for in mak-
 ing it, and the rather, for a reason I
 shall soon disclose to you. I do not
 deny that your youth, accomplish-
 ments, and, most of all, your misfor-
 tunes, give you an interest in my heart,
 which no man ever before possessed;
 yet let the frankness of this confession,
 which, as I think it perfectly consis-
 tent with virtue, I make without a
 blush, guarantee my sincerity in what
 I am to add. I perceive, with the
 most sensible regret, that the misfor-
 tunes of yourself and family have ef-
 fected your heart from that hope
 in which the unfortunate ought par-
 ticularly to confide, in a word, it ap-
 pears that the reflection with
 which

It appears to me, that your faith, not only
 in our holy religion, but even in the
 superintending care of Providence, is
 almost entirely done away. Is it pos-
 sible in such a case, for me to unite
 my temporal fortunes with a man, of
 whose eternal salvation, charity, under
 such circumstances, will hardly permit
 me to hope? I state this with the
 more freedom, as I give you abso-
 lute credit for the possession of all the
 moral virtues, and all the good qua-
 lities by which the human character
 is enabled. In my heart you will
 ever possess the most tender interest;
 and, whenever you can reconcile my
 acceptance of you to my duty to God
 and my father, I shall be yours with
 joy, and without reserve. I could
 wish this declaration, so candid in its man-
 ner, so gratifying in its substance, relieved,
 as yet, your heart's heart from an in-
 tense load of care of long agomela-
 tion; at least long, according to the reck-
 oning of lovers, with whom the moments
 of suspense are ages. The reflection with
 which

which it concluded, however, checked much of the rapture the former part excited: it was unexpected, and struck on a point where his mind, long reared to a particular mode of thinking, was exasperated by the anguish of his sufferings, into an uncommon degree of obstinate inveteracy. Knowing the purity of his own conduct, and never suspecting the justice of his motives to resentment, he could not easily be brought to think that any human being, if they even did entertain opinions different from his own, could censure or think the more unfavourably of him for the mode of thinking he had been driven to adopt.

“Fair Rosalind,” answered he, prostrating himself at her feet, with respect, “accept my humble devotion, my most hearty felicitations; or rather imagine me for me ideas of love and gratitude, which language could never express, for the explanation, so candid and so encouraging, with which you have favoured me. I will not repay such

“con-

"conduct by an hypocrisy, for which,
 "I know, you would despise me. I
 "will not pretend to favour a religion
 "supported by those wretches who have
 "heaped woe on all Europe, who issue
 "from the throne of God, under which
 "they pretend to be sheltered, the
 "plagues of hell. Yet I do not carry
 "my disrespect so far as you seem to
 "to imagine: I adore the Supreme Be-
 "ing, with unfeigned reverence, and trust
 "that my humble services will not be
 "less acceptable, in his sight, for being
 "attended with a detestation of those
 "miscreants, who profane his name, and
 "drive mankind either on an abject faith,
 "which, without exalting them one step
 "nearer his divine presence, tends only
 "to aggrandize these his mock repre-
 "sentatives, or on a dangerous incre-
 "dulity, which leads them to question
 "his existence or his power."

To this Rosalind replied,

"I am not prepared, Sir Knight, to
 "argue a point of so great importance,

"as

“as that on which I touched in the course
“of my answer to you. You will re-
“collect, that the subject you introduced,
“and which led to the one I now wish
“to get over, is to be decided by feel-
“ing only, and, in addressing you on
“that, I thought it but just, after stat-
“ing those motives which attached me to
“you, to touch on the only objection
“which could oppose our union, were
“the other, almost irremovable ones,
“done away. Whether I am right or
“wrong, it is a matter, in which my
“feelings are so much interested, that,
“I am afraid no argument could alter
“my opinion. Were you a sectary, or
“devoted to any particular theory, I
“should hope that a careful search after
“truth, would, in time, remove the veil
“which sophistry or prejudice might
“have placed before your eyes, and your
“intellects, in time, be reconciled to
“those opinions, you had either not
“known or abandoned; but a total in-
“difference on the subject, affords solli-
“tude

title, hope, and the avoiding all possi-
 bility of attaining conviction, offers so
 bad a specimen of candor, that I can-
 not, at present, be led to change my
 sentiments: you judge me right, in
 supposing that an affectation of re-
 nouncing opinions, your whole con-
 duct leads me to believe you entertain,
 would not advance your character in
 my favor. On this topic, compliments
 cannot be received, and hypocrisy, I
 am persuaded, forms no part of your
 character. Yet, believe me, were all
 other obstacles removed, and your mode
 of thinking in this, the only particu-
 lar where I do not dwell with delight
 on your every word, changed, were
 you yourself to assure me of its being
 so, I would exact a long and strict
 probation of your constancy, in your
 new belief, before I relied implicitly
 on an apparent coincidence of opinion,
 in a matter where a difference, of less
 moment, would make me for ever un-
 happy.

The firmness and dignity which Rosalind assumed, in delivering these words, without diminishing the sweetness of her manner, nor giving the least asperity to her look or tone, astonished and charmed her admirer. The truth is, that he had been very little taught on religious subjects, by his tutor in the Alps; and his experience since had not much led him to admire those, who alone were able to infuse into his mind ideas of devotion; so that on the whole, if his creed were fairly stated, it amounted to little more than a belief in a Supreme Being. The strength of this mistress's objections, and the seriousness with which it was urged, now made him resolve to inform himself more on the subject; with which determination he briefly acquainted her, and then proceeded to those protestations of affection, and eternal devotion, which the ardor of love inspired, but which she heard with regret, from a consciousness of the necessity of his speedy departure, in more business avo-

"Sir Knight," said she, interrupting
 him, "your conversation had driven me
 to a temporary forgetfulness of the
 subject on which I meant to speak
 to you. I have just received intel-
 ligence, which renders it necessary for
 you to think of departing immediately,
 your residence here is suspected. I
 expect, every hour, that my confessor
 will be here to make enquiries on the
 subject; and if once you are discovered,
 my father's power, much less mine,
 would not be sufficient for your proteo-
 ction."

This information was little calculated to
 assist Edmund in his effort to think more
 respectfully of the Clergy; or to seek for
 good at their hands: in his heart he cursed
 them without reserve.

"What," said he to himself, "not
 content with depriving me of parents,
 name, honour, estate, friends, and
 country, they rudely trample on my first
 efforts of affection, and dash the cup of
 love untasted from my lip."

He

He then proceeded to enquire, how it came to be conjectured he was there. This Rosalind informed him in their way to the castle; which information we must go a little back to obtain.

THE two darts, who attended Rosalind and Cynthia had lovers, who resided at the neighbouring village, and used, almost every evening, to come to the castle, to converse with them. The projects of their passion was almost equal, and as there was no rivalry in the case, they were their friends, and communicated all their joys and griefs, hopes and disappointments to each other; but each of them had a great jealousy for Lamondor; he was continually rallying them, when he had an opportunity, and before this intimacy constantly affected great superciliousness, account of his knowledge in arms, valour, and what bore to all, that had not the slightest superiority overawed them, or had courage been their characteristic, the factions might have been brought to a useful account for his dole.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE two damsels who attended Rosalind and Cynthia had lovers, who resided at the neighbouring village, and used, almost every evening, to come to the castle, to converse with them. The progress of their passion was about equal, and, as there was no rivalry in the case, they were strict friends, and communicated all their joys and griefs, hopes and disappointments, to each other; but each of them had a great jealousy for Launcelot; he was continually rallying them, when he had an opportunity, and before their mistresses constantly affected great superiority, on account of his knowledge in arms, raillery, which they bore so ill, that had not the aforesaid superiority overawed them, or had courage been their characteristic, the facetious Squire might have been brought to a rueful account for his drollery.

One

One of these happened to be present, on a day, when Launcelot was purchasing some article of cloathing for Edmund, which he directed to be made in a very tasty manner, and, as he had no other model of the Knight's proportions, bespoke it to fit himself.

The excellence of the stuff, and the elegance of its make, astonished the spectator, and though he and his friend, dreading his sarcastic turn, had resolved not to speak to the Squire, if they could avoid it, this circumstance operated so strongly on his curiosity, or perhaps jealousy, that he resolved to accost him, which he did, by asking for whom that fine garment was to be made.

"For myself, to be sure," answered Launcelot, with great affectation of state.

"For you?" exclaimed the enquirer, whose name was Everard; "why 'tis fine enough, and the make elegant enough, for an Earl."

"Perhaps it may," said the squire coldly, as if wishing to avoid further explanation.

"I

"I presume," rejoined the other, after a long pause, "I presume, you make it up for some grand occasion."

"I do."

"For what occasion? if I may ask" said Everard, his breath almost suppressed with apprehension.

"You may ask," said Launcelot, who now perceiving where the man's uneasiness lay, determined to extract some pleasure from his mortification; "you may ask, but it rests with me to give an answer; and secrets, of certain magnitude, are not to be carelessly entrusted."

"Nay, but tell me now, dear Launcelot," said the other; "depend on my secrecy."

"You will be secret then," said Launcelot.

"As death," answered he; "I will, by the holy Virgin."

"Your ear then," said Launcelot; "I am going to be married."

"Married!" exclaimed he, "to whom, to whom, for God's sake?"

"I "

"Nay.

"Nay, that I'll not disclose," answered the Squire, "lest I should lose the pleasure of making a fool or two miserable;" and so saying, mounted his horse to return to the castle.

As soon as his back was turned, the inquisitive lout, thinking no more of his oath, ran to find his friend, to whom he communicated all he had heard.—They contended a long time for the pre-eminence in unhappiness, which each claimed, by asserting, that it was impossible Launeelot should be in love with any but the object of his own passion. The termination of this dispute, however, was, that the friend of Everard, being of a sulky disposition, resolved to go to the castle no more, while the other determined to go there that evening, and, after a final explanation, to give up his mistress for ever.

As soon as he saw her, the storm which had been all day collecting about his heart burst at once.

"So, Mrs. Maud," said he, "good
Vol. I. H "news

"news flies apace, you are going to be married, I hear, to Squire Launcelot."

"Am I indeed?" said she, "this is the first I ever heard of it; pray who told you so?"

"One that ought to know," answered he; "Launcelot himself;—He did not indeed, directly, say you; but I am sure he could not think of Cicely, while you were to be come at; and, in the next place, he said my not knowing who it was, would make a fool unhappy, and I am sure that meant me; besides, I saw him bespeak his wedding suit."

"In all this news," replied the damsel, "there is but one point true, and that I knew long ago, which is, that you are a fool;—If Launcelot and I are to be married, the match is yet only known of where matches are made, in Heaven; besides there go two words to any such bargain."

"Then it must be Cicely he is to be married to," said he.

"She

"She hates him as much as I do," answered Maud.

"What occasion then could he have for that fine suit he bespoke to day?" said the clown, unwilling to give up his suspicions while they were at all tenable.

"If he bespoke any fine suit," answered the damsel, "it was not for himself."

"For whom then?"

"I must not tell."

"Good reason why, because you can't," said he;—"for who is there, that Launce-
lot could bespeak such fine cloaths for?"

The damsel thus pressed, and fearing to lose her lover, after some hesitations, and many injunctions to secrecy, told him it was for a strange Knight; who had lately taken up his abode in the castle, and who she suspected was making his addresses to the lady Cynthia.

The churl, thus satisfied, renewed his confidence in his mistress, and in the evening they parted perfect friends. Maud having given him more flattering hopes than

H 2

she had ever before, that she would speedily be his.

The communicative Everard, being a weak vessel, was as little capable of containing his joy as his grief: he made haste therefore to the village, to inform his friend William of the explanation Maud had given him, and of the hopes with which it was accompanied;—which the other, close, suspicious, and gloomy, heard, without all that satisfaction it gave his more simple companion.—However, as he repeated his tale so often, the other still questioning every point of it, it at length struck him, that the cavalier in the castle might be the individual one, whose name had made so much noise in the country lately. This idea once received he carefully cherished, but his avarice prevented his communicating it to his friend, and he resolved to convince himself in some way or other of the truth of his suspicions, and then to take his measures, without delay, for the purpose of securing to himself the whole reward promised.

Full

Full of this idea, he waited with impatience the approach of evening, at which time he went to the castle, and, as soon as he could conveniently introduce the topic, asked Cicely who the strange Knight was, who was harboured in the castle.

"A strange Knight!" exclaimed the damsel, "who told you we had a strange Knight here?"

"What signifies who told me," says he, "I know it, and that's enough; who is he?"

"I don't know," said the damsel.

"What title does he bear?"

"I don't know."

"Why you know nothing, nor don't refuse to tell," said the lord.

"What does he do here?"

"I believe," said she, "but mind 'tis

"a great secret, and you must not tell on

"any account; I believe he makes love

"to the lady Rosalind."

"What does he make love to both

"ladies?" exclaimed William, "I sup-

"pose he makes love to both the maids

“too,—but, in a word, I wish to know
 “his name and title, for a reason which
 “may be of great service to us both; so
 “do you set to work, and get the secret
 “out of your lady, or Maud, or the lady
 “Cynthia, or any body that knows; now
 “do try what you can do, for more good
 “depends on it than you dream of.”

After a promise from Cicely that she would try, and some immaterial conversation, he took his leave, with a promise of returning the next evening.

The following morning, as soon as Cicely had an opportunity of being alone with Launcelot, she, “in a course of chat, asked him, who the Knight was, who had been in the castle those last two or three weeks, and what title he bore.”

“He is called the Knight of the Mill
 “Clack,” answered Launcelot, sharply,
 “for a trick he has got of asking imperti-
 “nent questions.”

“Could not you find a proper name too
 “for a squire, who snaps people up with
 “such sharp answers?” said the damsel;

"pray, what harm is in my question? or
 "what reason have you to put yourself in
 "a passion, and not give one a proper
 "answer?"

"And pray," returned he, "to answer
 "your question by another just as wise,
 "what makes you, after so long taking
 "no notice of the matter, just now make
 "it a subject of enquiry."

"I inquire from a desire to satisfy a
 "whim of my own; and to know who the
 "Knight is, must be desirable, consider-
 "ing the fuss you make about him, and
 "the admiration you profess of his skill
 "and grace in arms."

"This answer seemed more like an eva-
 "sion, than pursuit of the truth; and was
 "by no means satisfactory to the squire.—
 "He kept her on the subject; and by a train
 "of enquiries, discovered for whom, and
 "on whose account, she had been fishing
 "for the intelligence, by which, after all, she
 "was never the nearer obtaining."

"The evening of this day was wet, which
 "was the more agreeable to the lover of
 "wonder."

" know, I suspect the cavalier in your castle
" to be a most notorious heretic, traitor,
" deist, atheist, and sacrilegious villian;
" a man, in short, for whom the church
" has offered a reward of five hundred
" marks; and a man must be very bad, I
" trow, for monks to buy him at such a
" price, for they have had ones enow
" among themselves, that we are forced
" to pay for."

" What would they do with him, if
" they had him?" asked the damsel, fear-
fully.

" Do with him!" answered he, " why
" burn him. I suppose, for putting their
" order out of countenance, by being
" wickeder than they."

" And would you," said the timid Ci-
cely, " give up any man to so dreadful a
" fate, for the sake of a reward? and a
" man too who had never done you an
" injury?"

" Yes, that I would," answered he,
" for half the money, if he had done me
" all the injuries in the world."

H 5

" Phoo,

"Phoo! how you talk," said Cicely, thinking, from his last observation, he had been jesting.

"Talk," exclaimed he, "why I talk like a reasonable christian, don't I. I have heard we are to forgive our enemies, and love those who hate us; but I don't know any business I have to love, or pity, a vagabond knight; who, by skulking about here, defrauds me, or some other honest man, of five hundred marks, and bars up our road to heaven, by depriving us of the free grace of the holy church, all which one might have, for only bringing him to justice: but stop, by St. John I have it; now I have thought of a thought, which you may think all your life time, and not think of such a thought again:—What confessor do your ladies apply to?"

"Why do you ask?" said Cicely.

"Because I want to know," answered he, in a peremptory voice, which frightened the damsel.

Priar

and "Friar Lazarus then," replied she;
"but what use will you make of him?"

The clown paused a while, but at length considering he had entrusted her too far, to be safe without telling her all he intended, he, after many injunctions to secrecy, and numerous denunciations of vengeance in case of failure, told her he should go to Friar Lazarus, and make a safe bargain, and get him to prevail on her lady to disclose the truth to him, then, if the scent proved right, to secure his prisoner, and pocket the reward. "If, in the mean time," said he, "you should hear that the knight here is the same person I suppose him to be, make any excuse, no matter what, and come to me with the news.—We must have a strong posse, I can tell you, for he is a devil on horseback.

"But, pray, how am I to know whether or no he is the person you want," inquired the damsel, "for you have yet mentioned him by no name."

"He is called the Knight of the White

"Rose," answered her lover, "and if he
 "is caught, she will have a rare hot-bed
 "no blow in."
 She then proceeded to enquire, how he
 came to suspect the knight's being at the
 castle; which he answered, by detailing
 all that had passed between Launcelot and
 Everard, and between this last and Maud;
 applauding his own ingenuity in turning
 all these things to his own advantage:
 The conversation afterwards turned on or-
 dinary topics, till William departed.
 "But pray, how can I know whether
 or no he is the person you want," in-
 quired the damsel, "for you have yet
 mentioned him by no name."
 "He is called the Knight of the White
 "Rose."
 "He is called the Knight of the White
 "Rose," said she.

CHAP. XIX.

LAUNCELOT, who had been an ear witness to all this conversation, could hardly contain himself during its progress;—Sometimes, he thought of rushing out and killing William, before he had time to proceed in his discoveries, or digest his plans; at others, he thought of getting the knight to assist him, and confining the clown in the dungeon of the castle, till a retreat could be secured; but neither of these plans pleased him, as they would fix indelibly, on the present inhabitants of the castle, the guilt of having concealed an out-law, and tend to the material injury of his ladies: a thing, which, above all others, he was solicitous to avoid.—He listened till the conversation was at an end, and then retired in a state of irresolution, his only fixed plan being

being, to inform Matravers of what he had heard, and to act implicitly under his directions.

Meanwhile, Cicely was no more at ease than the squire; she was a girl of mild temper, and good disposition; she had been brought up in the castle, and entertained the sincerest affection for every one of its inhabitants, the lady Rosalind in particular, whose person she had principally the care of attending; and though the boisterous behaviour of William, whom she tenderly loved, and dreaded to offend, had made her confess more than she ought, she was so sorry for the light her conversation had given him towards the discovery he thought to make, that she could not make her mind easy, till her mistress was, by some means, acquainted with her lover's suspicions and resolutions; yet, the dread she felt at being blamed for the part she had had in the business, deterred her, at first, from communicating what she had to say to Rosalind; but she determined to mention it to Launcelot.

This

This she took the opportunity of doing the next morning, after breakfast; the squire very gravely attending to, a story, of which he knew every particular before, as well for the sake of observing if she would tell the truth, as of having an opportunity of telling it again, without confessing he had listened; a circumstance which mortified his pride exceedingly.

When he had heard the story, he assured Cicely she was a fool for having talked to William any thing about any cavalier who came to the castle, for that she knew not the mischief she might do by letting her tongue run.—“When

“William,” said he, “mentioned what he thought about the Knight, you should have said, ’twas all a lie; for that, to your knowledge, this knight was not that knight, or any such person.”

“But how could I say that,” said Cicely, “when I knew no such matter?”

“Knew no such matter,” said Lancelot, “a pretty story, indeed! Don’t you know that neither your ladies, or my
self,

“ self, keep company with any such persons as you describe: but you will know who this knight is soon enough, I warrant.” So saying, he left her, determined in his own mind to acquaint Edmund of all he knew; but in this he was disappointed, for he was gone out, while Cicely was relating her circumstantial story.—This puzzled the squire a little; but he returned to Cicely, and insisted she should instantly go and relate to Rosalind all she had told him; and gave such reasons for it, as she was forced to submit to, while he sallied forth in quest of the knight; but here again he was unfortunate, for he had that day walked a different way from his accustomed route, and met with Cynthia, while Rosalind, after hearing the story of Cicely, and guessing Launcelot had been unsuccessful in his search after him, pursued a different path, and met with him, as has been before related.

Launcelot, after his unsuccessful search, returned to the castle about the same time

Matravers

Matravers and Rosalind reached it. Cynthia had been within some time, and had retired to her own room, to digest the spleen the knight's explanation of his wishes, so different from her hopes, had excited; and, when Rosalind sent up to request her presence, pretended indisposition, determined to keep her chamber all day.

Rosalind, Edmund, and Launcelot, immediately entered into a consultation what steps were best to be pursued to prevent the danger which threatened Edmund, and at the same time to leave no suspicion in any person's mind of his having been concealed there, in any respect, much less of his being the person about whom the hue and cry had been raised.

It was fortunate that neither of the damsels knew how he came into the castle. Launcelot, when the cavalier fainted on his first getting into the hall, as mentioned in the second chapter of this work, before he called for assistance to recover him from

his

his fit, had the presence of mind to slide the pannel into its place again, so that the circumstance of its removal remained as much a secret as ever.

After much debate, many schemes proposed, abandoned, and reformed, it was, at length agreed, that Launcelot should cause it to be understood, that Edmund was a Scottish knight, going to London, on a negociation between the king of that country and the regency of England, of a private nature; that his journey was a secret, which was the reason of his affecting privacy; that he was personally well known to the Baron de Montford; that he had been assaulted by a gang of banditti, who had murdered his squire, and robbed him of all his effects, and that he had with great difficulty escaped with his life: that finding himself overpowered with fatigue, he had sought refuge in the castle of his friend, and had staid there thus long to recover his strength, and get a few necessaries in lieu of those he had been deprived of.

It

It was further resolved, that Launcelot should keep on the look-out, all that day, to see if Friar Lazarus was coming to the castle, and, in that case, give notice to the knight, whose steed was kept in readiness; and the knight himself was prepared to mount, at a moment's warning, and depart; but it was agreed, that if the Friar did not come that day, Edmund should take public leave early the next morning, and pretend he was going to London; but Launcelot had marked out to him a safe and private road, by which he might reach the frontiers of Scotland, whose king would doubtless protect him.

These things determined on, Rosalind went to seek her cousin, to whom she communicated all that had transpired with respect to Mattravers, and all that had passed between her and that youth, for she concealed nothing from her.

Cynthia was of that description of persons, who measure all occurrences by the relation they bear to their own convenience, or inconvenience;—she of was an ar-

dent

dent, violent disposition, and, where self was not concerned, or not materially so, was frank, generous, and forbearing; but when her own interest gave a new color to circumstances her character was entirely reversed. From the moment she heard Rosalind favored Edmund's passion, she began to hate her: though she had too much love for the knight to betray, or perhaps seriously to hate him, she was very capable of giving him up to the utmost rigor of his destiny, rather than see another made happy in the possession of him. — The news of his sudden departure, indeed, shocked her considerably; for, whatever resentment she felt against him, the gratification of his society was one she could not so readily, feel pleased at parting with: she acquiesced, however, in the propriety of all that had been determined respecting him, and agreed to give to her support, as far as that was necessary, and gave up her resolution of keeping her room, to enjoy, perhaps for the first time in her life, the society of the

the last time, the pleasure of his company and conversation.

At a certain hour of the day, Launcelot was sure the Friar would not come there, because his ecclesiastical duties would take up much of what remained, and nothing but an extraordinary emergency could tempt any of the holy fraternity to risk their own safety, by visiting the solitary castle at a late hour in the evening; he therefore returned home, chagrined, beyond measure, at the sudden loss he should sustain in the knight's company, for whom his veneration daily increased.

Under the influence of these impressions, he waited anxiously for William's coming, on whom he determined some of the mischief he had occasioned should fall; and, accordingly, in the evening, intercepted him, before he had seen Clively, and desired his company in a private room of the castle, a favor which the other did not dare refuse, though he granted it with reluctance.

As soon as they were in private together,

the

the squire, turning to him, with a stern countenance, said, "I hope, friend William, you have settled all your worldly affairs."

"No, indeed, friend Launcelot, I have not," said the other, much alarmed.

"I am sorry for it," answered the squire, "for I suspect you are not long for this world:—Did you confess to father Lazarus, when you saw him to-day?"

"Alas! Sir," cried the terrified clown, "I did see father Lazarus, to be sure; but I told him I wanted to speak to him about business, and he desired me to call at his cell to-morrow."

"Business! d'ye call it?" exclaimed Launcelot, fiercely, "I believe the business will be a bitter one to you: do you know that I have this day laid an information against you for heresy, atheism, deism, sacrilege, and profaneness? do you recollect, wretch, the conversation you had with Cicely, in this castle, yesterday? do you recollect the

“ the pretty expressions you made use of
“ about the ministers of our holy church ?
“ It is your turn now to be burnt, for
“ putting monks out of countenance, by
“ being wickeder than they ; surely the
“ Virgin inspired me to listen : I have
“ witnesses of it too :—What, a vengeance,
“ the ladies of this castle must not shew
“ the rites of hospitality to a noble Scot-
“ tish knight, the friend of the baron,
“ but such mungrels as you must bark.—
“ Come, come, friend, you must go to
“ the dungeon of the castle, for to-night,
“ tomorrow I deliver you over to the
“ clergy ; they, the next day, deliver you
“ over to the laity, and you will have a
“ nice hot bed to blow in.—Come along,
“ to the dungeon ; I would not bate you
“ an inch, if you had done me all the
“ injuries in the world.”

The unfortunate clown, whom surprize
and terror had, all this while, kept silent,
now fell on his knees, and implored the
the squire to spare him : he would give
him all he had, he would follow him
barefoot

barefoot all over the world, he would acknowledge himself his vassal, in short, there was nothing he would not do, if his life might be spared.

Launcelot was forming out a most terrific reply, disdaining all offers William could make, when Cicely, whom Everard had informed that her lover and the squire were in private together, dreading the purport of their conference, rushed in, and seeing his prostrate position, immediately joined him in it, and besought the squire's compassion, though she knew not, precisely, what had passed.

"How often, Cicely," exclaimed the squire, "how often must I tell you, you are a fool! This man's life is forfeit to the law; and if I were inclined to let the matter pass, there are the lady Rosalind and the noble knight to be appeased, and they, I am sure, will not. He sets out for London, tomorrow, and if William escapes the church, a warrant will soon be here from the king for his execution. But what, I suppose,

"suppose you are afraid, when you lose
 "this lout, you will have ne'er a husband?
 "Come, don't be frightened, I'll marry
 "you myself."

"Thank you for me," answered the
 damsel, "but I had rather have honest
 "William here with all his faults." They
 then assailed the squire afresh with inirca-
 ties; he affected to give way by degrees,
 and, at length, let the mortified clown go,
 and promised to make his peace with the
 lady Rosalind, and the knight; every
 idea being expelled from his mind, that
 the discovery he had supposed he had
 made, would be of any service to him.

but when a woman saw, and
 distance, was unknown to her, and
 was entirely so to her father and brother,
 and, it was not unlikely, that they might
 make the strongest objections to her union
 with him, even should fortune, at any
 future time, favor his pretensions; but
 that that ever would be the case, was so
 far from certain, that a dawn of hope
 hardly glided the prospect.

CHAP. XX.

THE inhabitants of the castle had now separated for the night, each agitated, and torn by various reflections, and each, indeed, in a novel and embarrassing situation. Rosalind had, at least as far as related to herself, disposed of her heart to an adventurer, who, except a few weeks acquaintance, was unknown to her, and was intirely so to her father and brother, and, it was not unlikely, that they might make the strongest objections to her union with him, even should fortune, at any future time, favor his pretensions; but that that ever would be the case, was so far from certain, that a dawn of hope hardly gilded the prospect.

His

His attentions, till that day, had appeared to her so equally divided between herself and her cousin, that she was often uncertain if any thing more than mere civility guided his conduct; and when, at other times, she thought it was a more interesting motive, and that an affection for herself or her cousin swayed him, she was still in doubt to whom his preference inclined; and the delicate anxiety, which ever attends an infant passion, rendered her so doubtfully timid, as to his intentions, that the night preceding this had been passed almost sleepless, in fears and hopes, the latter of which she dared not indulge, lest they should prove fallacious, and thus destroy her peace, while, by encouraging the former, peace was, for the time, effectually banished.

To These alarming apprehensions, and the dread of their crisis, had occupied her mind so intirely, that when Cynthia told her Edmund wished to speak to her, her ideas were so absolutely ingrossed with the probable event of his declaration, that

omit I 2 the

the pique and displeasure, strongly painted on the countenance of her cousin, entirely escaped her observation; and the conversation she had with the knight terminated so much to her satisfaction, that she had with the utmost joy, and with unbounded hilarity, communicated to her the result of it, with such comments, and so pointed, as effectually to convince her that the passion of Mathers was not like to perish for want of the genial warmth of reciprocal affection. But now, in the serious moment of midnight reflection, when the next hour of boisterous existence was to witness the knight's departure, perhaps for ever, was to compel her to give him up to the buffetings of an adversarious world, without a friend, without a protector, without a consolation, but the promise of affection she had given, her heart sickened at the various uncomfortable perspectives, which, spite of her efforts, intruded themselves. She lamented the necessity of his giving up his so pleasant asylum
time,

in the castle, and blamed herself that she had yielded to the dictates of religion and propriety, in giving him flame so limited encouragement; she regretted that the declaration of his affection had not been earlier made, that, his talents being more particularly bent to the demonstration of it, she might have had a more copious treasure of endearing recollections, to recal his image to her memory in various and engaging points of view. The idea of his inconstancy would sometimes, introduced by modesty and an unaffected notion of her own want of importance, make a temporary abode in her mind; but the recollection of the knight's honor, the tenderness of his filial feelings, and the sincerity of his gratitude, and friendship, relieved her from an apprehension, the long indulgence of which would have been the harbinger of madness. Yet her night was passed in sighs, in tears, and in the anguish of corrosive and heart-rending surmises:—so bitter, alas! are the fruits of recent affection in

tender and delicate minds, while the mere sensualist revels in the delights of the passion, without feeling those poignant sensations which agitate the more feeling breast with pains undecribable, but in the end give a zest to enjoyment, which the child of appetite alone is forbid to know.

Cynthia was not more happy in her mind than Rosalind: she loved the knight with violence; but far from suffering the present ill success of her passion to operate to its extinction, she cherished it the more on that account. Her feelings, ever violent, strongly tinged with selfishness, and supported, and often directed by vanity, were fluttered a good deal; but her sanguine disposition did not permit her to despair of the final accomplishment of her views, had the obstacles been much greater. She had, in fact, ever looked on her cousin with much contempt, and could not bring herself to think that a youth of Edmund's spirit, and intellect, could long retain an affection

tion for a girl, who slighted the present possession of so valuable a lover, from a fear so precarious as that of his future welfare.

Yet this idea did not make her perfectly happy;—she regretted that his so speedy departure from the castle, in freeing him from Rosalind's present attractions, would put him out of the way of her own; and, as she reckoned that they could not hold his heart, if so weighed in competition, she assured herself that in absence they would soon be utterly forgot, and leave his mind open to the impressions of some other beauty, who might snap at so desirable a prize, and leave her nothing but certain disappointment. A thousand times she repented that she had not, by a declaration of her affections, thrown herself on the knight's gallantry, and courtesy: sentiments which she thought could not but operate in her favor, and, if she attained her point, she was little solicitous about the means. The

recurrence of these reflections kept her sleepless.

But the mind of Matrevers exhibited a much more complicated mixture of sensations than that of either of the ladies. Hope and despair agonized him with alternate violence, and the returning flush of reviving confidence gave him little less pain than the preceding chill of despondency. The necessity of his sudden departure, and the uncertainty of the revolution in the mind of his mistress, which his absence, the solicitations of rivals, or the operations of external circumstances might produce, permitted him to hope so little, and left him so much to fear, that he, unused to the agitations produced by love, felt his spirits entirely sunk under them. His fate appeared more gloomy than at any former period; for though his hopes were more definite than they had before been, the probabilities of attainment were more scrupulously weighed, and the ardor of youth

could

could not resist the impressions made by such speculations.

His scheme of a journey to Scotland did not please him, as he feared being employed by the monarch of that country in foreign wars or negotiations, which would separate him, for an indefinite time, from his mistress; or perhaps in a war against England, which would brand him effectually as a traitor, and so separate him from her for ever. Yet no other eligible scheme offered to shelter himself from his present enemies, or to procure him an establishment, so he could not abandon the only resource fortune had left him, and resolve to throw himself naked on the world, without a visible destination.

Even honest Launcelot had his share in the troubles of this night. We have before mentioned his respect for our hero; this had increased to such a pitch of veneration, and personal affection, that nothing but the thought of leaving his ladies, almost unprotected, prevented his

boil

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resolving

resolving to follow the fortunes of the knight. A scheme which appeared so enchanting to him, and to which his natural courage, and love of adventure, gave so many charms, that, though he had no thought of pursuing it, he laid awake the greatest part of the night, in the contemplation of it, and, even when he slept, the idea obtruded itself into his dreams, and chased away his short-lived slumbers.

At day break Edmund was up and armed, and went into a room of the castle, where he was speedily joined by Rosalind and Cynthia. He now, for the first time in his life, felt the task of taking leave irksome. He discovered, in the appearance of both the ladies, that their night had been passed much in the same manner as his own; and the satisfaction it gave him to perceive this sympathy in Rosalind, prevented his hesitating on its appearance in her cousin. He made his adieus with the best grace he was master of: those to Rosalind

land were mixed with professions of constant attachment, regrets of the necessity of his so soon absenting himself from her, and promises that, when fortune again permitted him to appear in arms, the celebration of her beauty, and reputation, should be the chief aim of his exertions, and that no knight should, with impunity, exalt his mistress above her. Those to Cynthia, professed the utmost gratitude for her friendship, and zeal in her service; but he lamented, that circumstances prevented his yet shewing his intentions in any thing but words; he said, he hoped, some day, to be enabled to shew them by brilliant and unexceptionable services.

To these compliments the ladies made suitable replies, testifying their thanks and good wishes, and, having kissed both their hands, he went into the courtyard, where Launcelot, who had determined to accompany him a few miles on his journey, was waiting for him, and mounting his steed, left the castle.

The ladies, thus deprived of that conversation which had been their delight and sole resource against *ennui*, for a considerable time, now looked despondently at each other, as if they solicited relief, but did not hope to find it. Neither dared begin a conversation, lest they should betray more of their internal sensations than they chose should be known. Cynthia, who had not disclosed her passion to her cousin, dreaded to open her lips, lest a hint of it should escape her; and Rosalind, on whose conduct modesty and decent reserve ever held a strict guard, would not indulge herself in saying much on a subject, where she feared the warmth of her so recently acknowledged affection might lead her to say too much.

Yet there was a necessity for them to converse on something, and the departure of the knight was the only topic on which either could bring herself to utter a sentence. They sat together but a short time before dinner, and, in that time,

time, expressed themselves with reserve and caution; they agreed, however, that the stay of Edmund at the castle should remain a secret to every body, and the keeping it so was much facilitated by the marriage of the two damsels, which took place soon after.

The two cousins felt themselves, for the first time, uneasy in their present situation: the society of each other afforded them no delight, and every room they went into gave them only gloomy recollections; so dearly is the indulgence of a transitory pleasure often paid for.

"A boon, Sir Knight," cried he, "I

"crave a boon in the name of Ian

"Roland."

"Tis granted, valiant squire," an-

swered he, "if it is not derogatory to

"your duty to your ladies, and in my

"power."

"In only this," said the squire,

"that you will give me your knighthood

"word that if at any future time I

"should

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

MATRAVERS and Launcelot rode on a considerable way in a state of silence extremely distressing to the squire, who longed to say something, and who was incapable of getting out a word, from the very sensation of the pressure of the occasion, which, if he neglected to embrace, might be lost perhaps for ever, at length he made a bold effort, and riding up to Edmund briskly,

"A boon, Sir Knight," cried he, "I crave a boon in the name of Fair Rosamond."

"'Tis granted, valiant squire," answered he, "if 'tis not derogatory to your duty to your ladies, and in my power."

"'Tis only this," said the squire, "that you will give me your knightly word, that if, at any future time, I should

" should be deprived of my present si-
" tuation, and you in want of a squire,
" you will prefer me to all other appli-
" cants; for, did not gratitude bind me
" to the castle, I assure you, I should
" prefer wandering over the world with
" so accomplished a cavalier, to living
" at ease in any situation whatever."

" And I," answered the knight, smil-
ing at Launcelot's solemnity, and the
consequential manner in which he had
introduced his request, " grant it you
" for my own sake; for, were not a
" squire rather an incumbrance than an
" aid to me at present, and were the
" circumstance you speak of removed,
" there is no squire on earth, who, in
" my mind, could vie with the vallant
" and trusty Launcelot."

The squire highly pleased with this
compliment, pursued the conversation;
" I am afraid, Sir Knight, you have left
" an aching heart behind you at our
" castle."

" My own, you mean," answered he.

" All

"All your own, Sir," said the squire ;
"I mean the heart of one of my la-
"dies, who, if I mistake not, is sensible
"of your attractions in a very great de-
"gree."

"Oh ! that she may be sensible of
"the sincerity of my passion," exclaimed
the knight, "and in time acknowledge
"and reward it."

"I doubt it not, Sir Knight," said
Launcelot ; "she is good-natured, frank,
"and generous ; your merit, and her
"candor, will, in the end, render every
"thing propitious."

"I could listen to you for ever, dear
"Launcelot, on this topic," said the
transported knight : "welcome, ever most
"welcome, to my ear, the tongue which
"speaks the praise of Rosalind, and ac-
"cursed for ever the necessity which
"drives me to climes where her name
"is unknown ; yet, even there, shall
"echo be taught to resound it in my
"ravished ears."

"The
"Ah "

The passion Launcelot meant to allude to was Cynthia's, which the good squire had discovered, though it had escaped Edmund's penetration; he was glad he had not betrayed her by an indiscreet discovery, yet well pleased at the knight's preference of Rosalind, which, in fact, coincided intirely with his own opinion.

In their succeeding conversation the knight requested, and the squire easily granted, a promise that, when he should be fixed in some certain place, the squire should from time to time communicate to him such of the transactions at the castle as affected the interests of his passion. They had now rode a great way in the wood, and Edmund insisted on his attendant's returning, lest he should be wanted at the castle; an injunction with which he was forced to comply, though it was to him as grievous as any separation which had that day taken place.

The knight, thus left to his solitary contemplations, rode on slowly, wanting that hope which inspires activity; he thought

thought not of the lapse of time present, but was regretting the speedy departure of that so lately passed; his mind was occupied in sweet remembrances and unavailing sorrow, when he was suddenly roused from his reverie by a loud shrill whistle, and presently saw several men on horseback, differently armed, approaching him in different directions:—as he had no doubt but these were persons employed to apprehend him, he determined not to be taken alive, but to sell his life as dearly as possible: most blun-
The armed men were now come up, and one of them called out to him to deliver up his lance, and sword, and dismount, a requisition which he answered by charging the speaker with such force, that, had he not avoided the encounter by turning his horse out of the way, he had been a dead man.—Meanwhile the rest of the party entirely surrounded the knight, so that he was obliged to drop his useless lance and draw his sword, with which he began

insult

to

to lay about with great violence, but little effect; for the number of persons who crowded about him on horseback, and on foot, was so great, that the blow designed for one was warded by another; nor could all the knight's efforts, to cut his way through, avail him in the least; nor could all the exertions of his horse break the circle. Yet what considerably surprized him was, that no one of his opponents seemed desirous to hurt him, or ever made a blow at him, a circumstance which convinced him, that their wish was to take him alive, and yield him up to the resentment of the church. This idea drove him to desperation, and urged him to struggle with redoubled fury, thinking that if he could hurt or kill some of the party, the rest might be induced to take instant vengeance for his death; and this gloomy alternative was his only hope.

Things were in this position, when a man of fierce aspect, with a red bushy beard, mounted on a thundering charger,

made

made his appearance, and hollowed out a signal, which our adventurer did not understand; but he instantly found its effects, for all the party seemed at once employed about him: some cut his stirrup leathers and girths, others his reins, some held his horse's head and tail, while some tilted him off on one side, and others caught him in his fall, secured his sword, and bound him hand and foot, and all this was an instantaneous operation. They then disarmed him, and, having bound him to a tree, retired to a small distance, and seemed to hold a consultation.

Matravers had now no doubt that his destiny was decided; he conceived that his being at the castle had been ascertained, and that this party had pursued his steps, and would now give him up to his enemies. He resolved, however, to terminate his existence by his own hand, rather than suffer the fate he had seen his friend Fitzowen undergo; rather than be exposed to the taunts of priests, and become, in his last moments, a gaz-
ing

ing stock to the mob. From these disagreeable reflections he was at length relieved by the above mentioned fierce looking man, who coming up, with as mild a countenance as he could assume, thus addressed him:—

“Valiant Sir, it is my wish, and that of my comrades, to know who you are: your prowess and resolution give us a high opinion of you. And that you may know to whom you address yourself, and by that be prepared to give a suitable account, I inform you that I am captain, or commander in chief, of that brave band and a few more not here present, who reside in this forest, and are known in the great world by the name of freebooters, or banditti, outlaws, and other appellations: however, your further knowledge of what we really are, depends on your own candour in answering the questions now put to you.”

“I am,” answered Edmund, without hesitation, “an unfortunate knight, whom
“untoward

"untoward circumstances oblige to leave
 "this country, and seek an asylum in
 "the court of the king of Scotland."

"Answer me one thing, on your word
 "of honor," said the freebooter, "did
 "you come into this place as a spy on
 "us, or with any view to our imme-
 "diate or future injury?"

"Upon my word of honour," an-
 "swered Edmund, "I did not, when I
 "came into this forest, so much as know
 "that it was the resort of persons of
 "your description; and I further swear
 "to you, that if I had, my own cir-
 "cumstances would have prevented my
 "doing you any injury."

The captain now left him; and in a
 few minutes after came two of his party
 who unbound our hero, assisted him in
 putting on his armor, which they brought
 with them, and restored him his sword.
 This done, they requested him to attend
 them to the place where their chief was,
 which he immediately did.

They

They found him sitting on the stump of a tree recently felled, his men, some standing, some sitting, some reclined, about him. As soon as Edmund approached, he thus addressed him :

“ Sir Knight, I have ordered your arms
“ to be restored, and the damage done
“ to your horse’s furniture to be repaired
“ without delay, that you may consider
“ yourself, as you really are, at perfect
“ liberty, and treated with the greatest
“ respect. If you persevere in your in-
“ tentions of going to Scotland, some of
“ my friends here shall conduct you by
“ a near and private way, which, I fear,
“ no directions would enable you to hit.
“ I have already informed you what we
“ are, and in so doing have apprized
“ you of the worst of our state. All
“ distinctions of what we have been, are,
“ for the sake of quiet, utterly forgotten
“ here, or I could point out to you se-
“ veral, who have been a good deal
“ known in the world, but whom mis-
“ fortunes have obliged to retire. We
“ are

"are, in a word, the wrecks of the world :
 "we are composed of persons whom
 "misfortune has deprived of every thing
 "but spirit, and, (however little credit
 "we get for it), a sense of right and
 "wrong. I am a Norman, so are ma-
 "ny here. Some are the descendants
 "of Saxons, who fled to these woods
 "from the horrible persecutions of my
 "countrymen. Some are Ancient Bri-
 "tans, whom even the Welch moun-
 "tains have not been able to shelter
 "from persecution, and whom varieties
 "of fortune have driven here. Some
 "are Irish, who fled their country when
 "they saw they could not protect them-
 "selves from the conquest, or usurpation,
 "of Henry the Second. We have Scots,
 "Germans, Frenchmen, in short most of
 "the countries of Europe have contri-
 "buted by the chance of war, or by
 "ecclesiastical or civil persecutions, to
 "increase our community. I say
 "The valor and skill in arms you have
 "With us this day, exceeds all my com-
 "rades

“rader very solicitous that you should
“join us as an adventurer: if protection
“be all you seek from the Scottish king,
“that, I can tell you, is very precarious,
“unless you possess money to bribe, or
“are very strongly recommended to him,
“but with us you will secure your own
“protection. Our regulations are few,
“equitable, and easily observed. My
“authority consists in little more than
“the composing of differences, and di-
“recting enterprizes: fortune seems to
“favor you, in falling in our way just
“at this time, as the situation of lieu-
“tenant, or second in command, is va-
“cant; and as that is always bestowed
“on the most deserving, you will stand
“your chance, in common with others, of
“succeeding our deceased comrade.—
“Should your determination be to leave
“us, we lose you with regret; but we
“do not wish to take your answer till
“you have had time to consider the
“proposal. Meantime come and eat
“with us at our tents.”

The knight followed, as he was invited, and dined with the whole company, consisting of about one hundred and fifty persons:—The captain sat at the head of the largest table, Edmund at his right hand. The repast was plentiful and clean, consisting chiefly of venison, together with poultry, and various kinds of meats. Good order was observed, and a much greater degree of sociality and harmony prevailed than could have been expected.

CHAP.

The

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN their meal was ended, the captain resumed the topic of the knights joining them.

"You see, Sir," said he, "how we live, nor does this kind of living ever fail us, for we have the best game the forest affords for nothing, and, for money, the villagers, and townsmen hereabouts, will supply us with every thing else. We have nothing to fear, for we have no enemies. Justice, fat with spoils more easily come at, will not be at the trouble to pursue us, from whom no gain is expected. The church give themselves little concern about us; for when any of their ministers fall in our way, we, for benediction's sake, ease them of their crosses, but never

“ abuse or vilify their persons, so that
“ we have, in general, their good word.
“ We commit no enormities, so as to
“ raise the country against us: we do
“ not plunder houses, or oppress the
“ poor; and as for women, you see some
“ in company, we offer them no vio-
“ lence. When a woman happens to
“ come in our way, she has an unre-
“ strained choice of staying or leaving
“ us: if she prefers the former, and I
“ am unprovided, I have the privilege
“ of chusing her for my comrade; if
“ I am provided, or careless about her,
“ my lieutenant has the refusal; if he
“ does not take her, she makes her elec-
“ tion among the men who have no
“ companion. If a booty is taken which
“ cannot be equally divided, I take the
“ best lot, and proportion the rest; if
“ it can be divided equally, I have no
“ preference, but share like the rest; and
“ all disputes are referred to my judg-
“ ment, which no man cavils at, as there
“ is no appeal. These are our only
“ laws;

“ laws; and the rest of our conduct is
“ guided by a principle of liberty, and
“ mutual defence. These, if you join
“ us, you are to promise to observe and
“ support. We now wait for your re-
“ solution.”

“ If I understand your laws aright, no-
“ ble captain,” answered the knight,
“ they enforce your companions to offer
“ no violence to churchmen or to wo-
“ men—to commit no enormities—and
“ to submit to certain established regu-
“ lations, which tend to make the whole
“ body easy and respectable. After cap-
“ tain and lieutenant you have no dis-
“ tinction of persons, and live in galery
“ unbroken by disagreeable reflections,
“ it being a general endeavour to for-
“ get the past. My most sanguine wishes
“ could not have formed a plan of life
“ more suited to my present circum-
“ stances and situation:—I embrace, with
“ joy, the offer of being received into
“ your society, and promise to observe

"all your laws, and bend all my powers
"to the support of them."

This declaration was received with a shout of joy by all present, every horn was filled in a moment, and every one rose to drink the health of, and wish joy and success to, their new comrade. They made no ceremony of swearing fidelity or secrecy; the only one used was, that the knight (now no longer to hear himself called by that title), gave his sword into the hand of the captain, which he restored, with an injunction to be brave and faithful. The rest of the day was spent in carousing, and at night Edmund was conducted to a tent prepared for him, and left to his repose.

And now, for the satisfaction of such readers as may not entirely approve of the step taken by our hero, and to whom it may seem a degradation of his character, it may not be amiss to explain those circumstances and principles, which justify us in placing him in the situation we have.

Were

Were we to plead authority alone, which in a work of this kind is quite sufficient, we might fully justify his conduct by the instance of Valentine, in Shakspeare's comedy of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, or by the more elegant and pathetic instance of Gondibert, in Goleman's Battle of Hetham; there may be others, but as we recollect none so respectable, and do not mean to rest on authority, we forbear to seek after, or enumerate them. We say not to let our readers recollect, that the times of which we write have been denominated, *the Age of Chivalry*, that is to say, the age when men acquired the reputation of heroes from going about to redress injuria and right wrongs, by their own prowess; and that, not according to established forms, or notions, but each according to his own uncertain, indefinite ideas on the subject. These, from human weakness, or from selfishness, or passion, was often perverted right, into redressed wrongs; and as he that pretends to do

right by his own authority, must commit some violence to establish that authority, it is hardly to be supposed that the shades of distinction were very strong between those who interfered in quarrels, where they had no business, and took upon themselves the adjustment of matters in which they had no concern, and the freebooters of those days. These freebooters were not at all like our modern highwaymen, or thieves; they were for the most part disbanded warriors, who, destitute of provision, ignorant of arts and agriculture, and disdaining to become the property of others by affixing themselves to the soil, sought in this manner a precarious subsistence, and forming themselves into bands, were regulated by strict, and generally just laws. They did not commit violent depredations; their characters were marked by that extravagant generosity, and undaunted courage, which in those days supplied the place of every other virtue. Their renown in arms was so great, that their

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aid was always gladly accepted, and often courted by the greatest potentates of the earth.

Thus much with respect to the description of men with whom we have associated our hero; with respect to himself, much more may be said. "The world was not his friend, nor the world's law." He was deprived of his right, and overwhelmed with wrong. His talents were calculated for activity; his mind for friendship and society, yet there was not, in the created globe, a person to whose friendship or association he dared lay claim, or a potentate from whom he could have reasonable hope of worthy employment. The captain of the party whom he had now joined had treated him with a generosity, those who talk more on the subject, had never shown; he had spared his life, when absolutely in his power; he had restored his liberty, without a condition; and, with a delicacy seldom met with, had forbore to court his friendship, till he

had convinced him he might follow his own inclinations without restraint; conduct which, had he had more scope of election, would have hardly permitted blame to attach to our hero for following his fortunes.

"The world was not his friend, nor the world's law. He was deprived of his right, and overwhelmed with wrong. His talents were calculated for activity; his mind for friendship and society; yet there was not in the created globe a person to whose friendship or association he dared lay claim, or a potentate from whom he could have reasonable hope of worthy employment. The captain of the party whom he had now joined had treated him with a generosity, that would move on the subject, had never before he had feared his life, when absolute in his power; he had restored his liberty, without a condition; and, with a delicacy seldom met with, had refused to court his friendship, till he had

Edmund thus invested with the second
 authority, found ample employment for
 his time and genius. Every other day
 he led out half the company to a ro-
 ung, advanced in kind employ, some-
 thing between hunting and ploughing.
 The next day came another contest
 for the vacant situation of lieutenant,
 to which were invited all who chose
 to try for it. The number was about
 thirty, among whom was Edmund. The
 prize was to be given to the man
 who excelled in the most prescribed tests
 of bodily strength, agility, skill in arms,
 in the use of the sword, in the use of
 and offence, with blameless weapons, and
 after a vigorous and very spirited con-
 test, and a most difficult, the captain, and a good
 number of others, unanimously declared it to
 be the most perfect in running, and in man-
 -off his struggle, though of great im-
 portance, created no animosity, and all the
 combatants parted in perfect friendship,
 and satisfied with the result of the day.

Edmund, thus invested with the second authority, found ample employment for his time and genius. Every other day he led out half the company to a roving, adventurous, kind of employ, something between hunting and plundering. When a good prize came in their way they secured it: the humble and needy were never injured, but often returned home the richer for their encounter. On the other days, when the captain led out half the men, he exercised the other half at home: taught them discipline, the use of arms, in a more perfect degree than they had before possessed them, and stratagems of evasion, and opposition to superior force. He gave away his share of the booty in prizes to those who excelled in archery, in the use of the sword, in running, and in training their horses to a greater degree of docility. These things made him so exceedingly popular among the men, that their greatest happiness consisted in attending

our

our hero, either at home or in his excursions; and their predilection for him was so great, that most of them would, without hesitation, have encountered the most dreadful peril, or even certain death, for his sake.

As this partiality was only a tribute to real merit, no pains were taken to conceal it from the captain, to whom it was however exceedingly unwelcome; he was brave, and even fierce in arms, without the least apprehension of danger, or knowledge how to evade it; he was a voluptuary in the greatest degree; and the debauchery in which he constantly indulged, allowed him no time to cultivate the talents of his men, or make them eminently useful to him. He had virtue enough to commiserate distress, but not to bear the approach of rival merit. He now perceived the influence Edmund had gained in the minds of his soldiers, and began to hate him in proportion as he dreaded him; for as his death would secure to him the glory

ation of his captain, he feared some irregular means might be taken to accelerate that event. To such ungenerous suspicions, and unfair constructions, does the base passion, envy, lead him.

Meanwhile our hero, ignorant of the sort his popularity gave to his conduct in the mind of the captain, courted his approbation by a constant accomplishment of his duty, and an unremitting attention to the regulations of the society.

A circumstance which happened soon after, might effectually have eradicated, from the mind of the captain, any suspicions he had entertained of our hero, were it not that the nature of that infernal passion, envy, is entirely too overshadow and prevent every exertion of reason. He was one day, when Edmund was out with his party, taking a solitary walk in the woods, and had got to a greater distance from the tents than was usual for any single person to go, when he heard the voices of several persons

persons talking in an upbraiding tone to a female, who only answered by tears and lamentations. Curiosity impelled him to listen, when he heard much violence threatened, unless the woman preserved silence, and submitted to what was ordered for her. He discovered the number of men to be three.

We have already stated, that the shade of distinction was not very strong between the freebooter and the knight-errant. The captain possessed too much of the latter character to bear this scene unmoved: he immediately came forward, and expostulated with the ruffians on their unmanly behaviour; and a view of the person for whom he interested himself, who possessed a considerable share of beauty, determined him to attempt her deliverance. The answer of her oppressors was rough and churlish; such as men, confiding in superiority of number, and caring little about the justice of their conduct, so the event of it answers their expectations, may be supposed

posed to give. This produced a reply, in which the captain, perhaps, gave too great a specimen of a temper used to command, and to enforce his will by reproach, to be heard patiently. The result was, that they all drew and attacked him fiercely, while the woman screamed aloud with the apprehension of increased severity, should her champion be unsuccessful.

The captain's courage did not permit him to suppose his personal safety endangered by opponents capable of so rashly an action, and it was not till he found he had a great deal the worst of the fray, that he could prevail on himself to make the usual signal for his men to approach, by blowing a horn he constantly wore.

The fight, however, was conducted with so much keenness by his adversaries, that he must have been a victim to his temerity, had not Edmund, who, being just then returning from his day's expedition, had dismounted for the sake of walking

to the tents, by a cooler path, heard the horn, and hastened to his rescue. He came up just as one of the captain's adversaries had thrown him down, and was got over him, with his knee on his breast, and his dagger in his hand, which was uplifted to plunge it in his throat. Edmund flew to the spot like lightning, and, with one blow of his sword, cleft the man's head completely in two.

The captain now rose, and the two surviving assailants seeing their adversary reinforced, by a person in complete armor, of whose good will towards them they had so dreadful a proof before their eyes, would have sought their safety by flight, but safety was denied them: for as they ran away, Edmund thrust one through the body, and the captain cut off the head of the other.

They had now leisure to ask the damsel who she was, and what had induced these three men to treat her so cruelly. Her story was short and simple:—she said she was the daughter of a wealthy yeoman

yeoman, who dwelt at some distance from that spot; that he, having married another woman, had been prevailed on by her to give up the narrator, whose name was Alice, intirely to her care; that she had given her to these three men, but whether their design was to murder her, or what else they meant to do with her, she knew not, as they had not let a word on the subject escape them: she concluded in lamenting her own unfortunate situation: she dared not seek her father, and had not a friend on earth to whose protection she could recommend herself. The captain and Edmund led her to the tents, where the former related the whole adventure, with so many handsome acknowledgments of Edmund's behaviour, and so many thanks and marks of admiration, that one might have supposed all envy of him banished from his breast: and so, perhaps, it was for the moment in which he spoke, but so stubborn a guest is that passion, when admitted into the human breast, that the

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very praises, bestowed by the captain, being echoed by the hearers, gave him unspeakable tortures: yet he could not so far conquer his sense of obligation to our hero, but that he treated him, for some time after, with unusual kindness. It is in vain, however, for any principle to contend against so baleful a passion once cherished: he rapidly sunk into his old suspicions and jealousies.

After their meal, Alice was asked whether she would stay where she was, or would name any place to which they should conduct her.—Small argument was requisite to persuade a person, in her forlorn situation, to embrace the former proposal. The captain very generously, though at that time unprovided, offered the lady to Edmund, but he, whose mind was entirely occupied by another object, declined the courtesy; the captain therefore resumed the right of election, and was rewarded by being, in their manner, united to the person for whose protection he had run such

imminent

imminent risk. A party was detached to bury the dead, as was their custom.

Some slight wounds the captain had received, in the late conflict, kept him confined near a fortnight after this transaction. While he was thus indisposed a second lieutenant was appointed, by lot, who led out half the men on the days which would else have been the captain's. On one of these days, he and our adventurer had been riding a little way together for exercise; when returning home they saw the men collected round some person, who seemed to make them very merry.

The captain rode up immediately, and found it was a priest, from whom they had got a considerable sum of ready money, who was endeavouring, by force of argument and persuasion, to convince them of the badness of the life they had adopted, and to induce them to leave it, and, if disposed to no other calling, turn monks. This proposal made the captain laugh as heartily as it had done the

the men, when our hero, who had followed at a slow pace, discovered in the countenance of the preacher, who was delivering his oration on horseback, the identical features of his old enemy Hubert.

Rage did not permit him to deliberate on this occasion, but, couching his lance, he ran at him full speed, exclaiming, "Villian, thy last moment is arrived;" and probably his threat would have been verified, but the priest, whose eye had, at his first approach, been fixed on the martial appearance which presented itself, on perceiving him in motion, threw himself plumb from his horse on the ground; in consequence of which the fury of Edmund's assault spent itself in air, and before he could wheel round to repeat his attack, the whole party had covered the fallen man from him, and he must have encountered them all, to have done him the least mischief.

Every one present now enquired what had been our hero's motive for so rash

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an action, so diametrically opposite to the rules to which he had promised conformity; but he considering that, in explaining the truth, he must develope his whole history, which he was determined not to do, contented himself by saying, that he had mistaken the priest for his most bitter enemy, but found himself deceived, and was glad no harm had happened.

Hubert took the opportunity the making of these enquiries gave him of getting away; he rode off at all the speed his horse was master of, vowing within himself never to make a sermon on horse-back again, or to preach without knowing his company, or being better assured of his safety. But he had not the least notion who the assailant was, nor conceived that any thing but unrestrained brutality had induced him to commit the action he had.

Meanwhile, the captain endeavoured to avail himself of this breach of their laws, to deprive our hero of some part
of

of his popularity; he would have punished his misdemeanor, but his recent service did not permit him to move for it, and no one else of the company would. Some of them even went so far, on its being insinuated to them, as to say, that they had rather kill, with their own hands, a whole monastery, than hurt a hair of Edmund's head; expressions which dwelt so much on the mind of the captain, that, from that day, he set about to attach a party to his own person, who should support his will at all events.

A little reflection convinced Matravers so effectually of the error of his conduct, in setting so bad an example to persons so difficultly kept in bounds, that he took the first opportunity of surrendering his sword to the captain, and asking pardon publicly for his behaviour; and the latter could do no less, though much against his will, than restore his sword, and, at the request of all present, reinstate him in his situation; no one proposing a fresh election.

Our

Our hero had remained with this company near three months, when a circumstance occurred which made a considerable difference in his situation, which we shall detail in its place, but must first return to the castle, where he left his heart with Rosalind.

own, which the two knights, as we have seen, were now married, and gone to reside in a remote part of the country. Their included lives gave the

CHAP. XXIV.

the company with relations of what had happened, but the narrative of the

A FEW weeks after Matgravers had left the castle, the Baron de Montford and his son returned. They had left the Holy Land some time before, but had tarried at various places, and particularly a considerable time in Normandy, where the Baron had received the arrears of rent, accumulated on his estate, on the strength of which, though a trifling supply, he, with a prodigality which generally distinguished the feudal lords, brought a large party of Norman, and other noblemen, to make a temporary abode at the castle.

We have already mentioned that Rosalind and Cynthia had agreed to say nothing of Edmund's stay with them; they could depend implicitly on Launce-

lor's secrecy; and the two damsels, as we before hinted, were now married, and gone to reside in a remote part of the country. Their secluded state gave the ladies little opportunity of entertaining the company with relations of what had happened; but the narratives each of them had to give, and which all delighted to hear, how often soever repeated, of their adventures and exploits, in the Holy Land, and in their way home, prevented conversation from ever becoming languid.

The baron was not a man of much feeling; he was haughty and ignorant; from his earliest years a soldier, he considered all merit confined to military prowess, and a respectable family. His son, not more enlightened, and brought up immediately under him, entertained ideas exactly similar, and the boast of their exploits was their favorite topic. The ferocity with which the war they had assisted in was conducted, had tinctured their minds with its characteristic; and the contempt and abhorrence in which

they had held the enemy, was now extended to every person who was displeasing to them; while the jars, jealousies, treachery, and meanness of their allies, imparted corresponding principles of captiousness, suspicion, dissimulation, and selfishness to the warriors. Though their war was begun on a principle of religion, the conduct of it had been marked by every deviation from purity and integrity of character; and those who had shone in it, fancying their past sins atoned for, and their future ones pardoned by anticipation, were little solicitous about the morality of their conduct: the forms of religion they were obliged to attend to; but the essence never entered their thoughts. Rosalind, who had been too young, at the time her father and brother left the castle to join the crusaders, to mark the characteristic features of their minds, was astonished and shocked to find them so different from what she had hoped and expected. The recollection of Ma-

traveller's conversation, so polite, so affable, so instructive, compared with that she was now in the habit of hearing, rendered the contrast more mortifying than she had supposed any contrast could be, where her parent and brother were concerned. She regretted the imperfection of their minds, and their want of powers of entertainment; and her chief delight was now reduced to solitary rumination on the character and accomplishments of that youth, whom, as she was entirely ignorant of his fate, she deemed lost to her for ever.

Cynthia, whose mind was less delicately formed, and whose discriminations of character were less acute, saw with joy the revived hilarity of her uncle's castle. She entered cheerfully into all the parties she was capable of; she rode a hunting, she sang, she laughed, she echoed the boasts of the warriors, and endeavoured to recommend herself to their attention, by all means in her power. She had not forgotten her passion for Edmund; it sometimes,

sometimes, but rarely, cost her a sigh, for she could not flatter herself with any hope of reciprocity, and disdained to waste her days in fruitless lamentations, and endless regrets. She resolved, if any cavalier, then in the castle, made proposals to marry her, to close with him immediately, nor did she in the least conceive that her predilection for another, which she affected not to conceal, or palliate to herself, would be any injury to the man she should marry.

There was amongst the visitors at the castle, a Norman youth, son of a very rich and powerful baron of that country, named Hugh Beauchamp: his form was uncommonly athletic, it was even herculean; he had acquired great renown in the war. He was not handsome, at least not what a connoisseur in beauty would reckon so. Health glowed in his round ruddy countenance, but expression did not animate his features, and his curled hair and bushy beard gave a ferocity to his aspect, truly terrific: he was the

Ajax of the party, for while his superior prowess was acknowledged by every one, their notion of his talents was so contemptible, that he was the butt of all their wits, and they made no ceremony of treating him with the most insulting raillery: he was the constant subject of their most cutting sarcasms, and most palpable ironies, yet his understanding was so very small, that he took these things for compliments; and while his companions were overwhelming him with ridicule, he fancied they were celebrating his praises.

At this person Cynthia, to use the modern phrase, *set her cap*: she applauded his observations, extolled his exploits, and affected admiration at every anecdote he communicated. She praised nobody but by a comparison with him, and in her dress, conversation, and all particulars, where she could collect a hint, squared her conduct by his observations; but these things, for the present at least, failed in their effect. Beauchamp received

ceived her compliments, merely as a tribute, with indifference; they made no impression on his mind, for, conceiving them absolutely his due, he gave her no credit for them.

Vanity is a passion which, perhaps more than any other, delights in solitary contemplation: ever fancying the world in its debt in the article of applause, it seeks these opportunities of paying itself; and the reveries it inspires, are generally such as swell its subjects' ideas of their own importance infinitely more than studied praises, or complimentary eulogiums, from any number of admirers can do. Beauchamp often took solitary walks for the purpose of indulging in these contemplations; and, in the course of them, had often met with Rosalind, who courted solitude from a far different motive. As her father's guest, she always treated him with great civility, but, as his presence was an interruption, to those reflections in which she delighted.

she always got rid of him as soon as possible; but as these evasions were sometimes rather awkward, she could not always conceal a blush which her abrupt departure occasioned.

Beauchamp had just sense enough to observe these symptoms of confusion, and his vanity led him to construe them as indications of a passion for him. This idea once entertained, he gave himself no trouble to examine into its foundation, but merely let himself to consider whether or no he should reward it. There was a novelty in the attention he fancied Rosalind paid him, so different from the gross applause he was in the habit of receiving from Cynthia; and, as he thought, from his companions; that, after a little consideration, it decided him to take pity on the poor lady.

In pursuance of this resolution, he determined to address himself to her father, which he did without much cir-

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cumlocution: he assured him of Rosalind's preference, and proposed to marry her as soon as his father's concurrence could be obtained. This proposal did not need much debating in the mind of the baron. He saw how beneficial it was to him, indeed, how much superior to any thing he had just then a right to expect. He congratulated Hugh on his progress in his daughter's affections, and promised to cause immediate communication to be made to her of the intended honor, and, after a few mutual compliments, they parted.

The baron immediately sent for his niece; for knowing of the strict friendship between her and her cousin, he thought what the best channel of communicating the affair. He was perfectly convinced in his own mind that Beuchamp was under some mistake respecting his daughter's partiality for him, yet that did not deter him from promoting a match so advantageous; he gave him

self little concern about the state of her inclinations, but, rejoicing at her success, was determined to accelerate the match by all means in his power.

The communication of this intelligence to Cynthia operated almost electrically on her, she could hardly command the agitation she felt while her uncle detailed what Beauchamp had said on the subject; however, as he wished her information to Rosalind to be deficient in nothing, he was very circumstantial in repeating all that had passed, in enforcing the advantages of the match, and declaring his decided resolution to bring the affair to a speedy conclusion: he dwelt so long on these various topics, as to give her time to recollect herself, and smooth her countenance, which would else have betrayed her so effectually, that no verbal explanations could have obliterated the ideas it would have inspired; for in proportion as the Baron was desirous of promoting this match for his daughter,

Cynthia

Cynthia was sensible he would have been solicitous to prevent its being impeded by her interference.

When left to herself, she felt all that rage against her cousin, which her rivalry in the heart of Matravers had first excited, but which her present pursuit had a good deal mitigated, revived with greater violence than ever. Female pride, we fear, can seldom forgive a rival one preference in the heart of a beloved object; a second offence of the kind must be unpardonable; at least, if the maxim is not universally true, it was with respect to Cynthia. She hastened to her cousin's apartment, resolved to indulge her spleen, and if she could not resist her uncle's orders, in communicating intelligence she abhorred to think of, she resolved to do it in such a way as should give her malice an ample banquet on Rosalind's distress.— Rushing therefore into that lady's presence, without ceremony,

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"So cousin," said she, "you must give up all further thoughts of the Knight of the White Rose."

This abrupt exclamation roused Rosalind from a contemplation, of which she and the various incidents of his unfortunate life had formed the subject; and as her cogitations were rather of a gloomy cast, she was seized with a melancholy presentiment that Cynthia had to communicate some misfortune that had befallen him. She besought her to disclose what she knew about him. "If he lives," said she, "you know I cannot cease to think of him; and if not, I much fear all my efforts to chase him from my recollection will be vain."

"I neither know or care," answered Cynthia, peevishly, "any thing about him; all I know is, that it is your father's will, you cease to think of him."

"My father! good heaven!" cried Rosalind, "does my father know any thing about him?"

"Not

and "Not that I know of," answered Cynthia, coldly.

"Dear cousin," said the affrighted Rosalind, "do not torment me; tell me, at once, what are my father's wishes, and what he knows of me, that has led him to send such an order."

"I know not what your father knows," said Cynthia, "but his will implies that you are to cease thinking of the Knight of the White Rose, because he is going to give you another husband."

"Then I am truly miserable," exclaimed Rosalind.

"You are truly nonsensical," answered Cynthia, tartly, "to pretend to be made miserable, by the knowledge that a man is approved by your father, who made his proposals to him, merely on the strength of your affection for him."

"I am persuaded, cousin," said Rosalind,

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lind, beginning to recover from the confusion in which Cynthia's rough manner had thrown her, "from something more
"than seriousness in your manner, that
"you are not bantering; if you have any
"message from my father, I beg you
"will deliver it, without putting me
"to further pain to guess your meaning, for to whom you can allude, I
"assure you I am an utter stranger."

These words were delivered in a manner and tone the speaker seldom used, except when much hurt; when she did, they were irresistibly impressive: they gave as true a notion of offended dignity, shewing itself with grace, and without passion, as can possibly be conceived. Cynthia, measuring her cousin by herself, did not believe that Beauchamp had applied to her uncle without the authority he pretended, and, therefore, felt this duplicity, as she supposed it, an unpardonable affront. She was glad that the hauteur of Rosalind's man-

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ner gave her an opportunity, in her own mind, to justify the hatred she now entertained against her, and which any circumstances of distress could not then have prevailed on her to moderate. She related coldly all the conversation she had had with the baron, and advised her cousin to prepare speedily to behave in a satisfactory manner in the business.

Rosalind, though she saw, with regret, that her cousin was incensed against her, for some reason or other, had yet too much of the pride attendant on conscious innocence to appear to feel it.— Had Cynthia stated to her any thing like a complaint, she would have done any thing to have made her peace with her; but this rough way of indicating displeasure, without assigning a reason, roused the spirit it was meant to depress. She therefore contented herself with saying, she would speak to her father on the subject; and Cynthia, seeing her cousin's reserve, had no pretext

for

for continuing the conversation, but retired without having yet obtained a certainty whether Beauchamp's offer was agreeable to her or no, and without having vented half the spleen with which she came fraught.

Richard, though the lady with regard to her conduct was inclined against her, yet some notion of her other qualities, and her too much of the pride and ambition of her mind, induced him to appear to her in a more favourable light than he would have done, and to have made her peace with her, and thus to give way of his own disposition without assigning a reason. Indeed the spirit it was meant to do, and she therefore contented herself with saying, she would speak to her father on the subject; and Cynthia, feeling her cousin's reserve, had no pretext

for

CHAP. XXV.

ROSALIND, left to herself, no longer piqued by that behaviour in her cousin, which, by affronting her, had kept up her spirits, could not command her agitations; she felt her situation truly deplorable; she dreaded her father's violent and arbitrary temper, which, she knew, would transport him beyond all bounds at her refusing a proposal, at which her heart revolted. She could not apply to her brother, who had never shewn her any affection, and who, she knew, would readily second her father's views. Cynthia she saw, though she knew not why, much incensed against her; she had no person on earth to apply to, and thus left to herself, devoured her chagrin in silence.

Cynthia

Cynthia was no less unhappy ; she was equally a prey to passion ; for though genuine love hardly entered her breast, pride and interest swayed it with violent emotions : she hated her cousin, dreaded her uncle, was dissatisfied with Edmund, with Beauchamp, with herself, and was as far from having a person to communicate her sorrows to, as Rosalind.

That lady, after much deliberation, and rejecting many schemes which suggested themselves to her imagination, resolved to let Beauchamp know his mistake, before he should have proceeded so far in it as to make him unhappy ; and then, she thought, if he obstinately persevered in his suit, he had no one to blame but himself, for the uneasiness such conduct might occasion him ; but she was not without hopes that his pride would stand her friend, and induce him to leave the castle, without a complaint, or without deigning an explanation.

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These ideas procured her a temporary quiet. The Baron and his friends were pursuing some rural sport for the day; it was therefore easy for her to keep her apartment, which she did, full of anxious solicitude about the event of the declaration she had resolved to make to her lover.

An opportunity of doing this offered very early the next day; she had got up and was taking one of her ordinary excursions, when Beauchamp met her, by accident.

He accosted her with that familiar arrogance, which never attends a man who fancies he has nothing to fear, and that, in the address he resolves to make, rather confers than solicits a favour.

Though Rosalind had, in the course of the preceding day, brought herself, as she thought, to a very consistent degree of resolution, as to the manner in which she should receive and answer him, yet she now found herself extremely embarrassed. The novelty of her situation,

tuation, her aversion to give pain, and the great repugnance she had to act in a way she knew would be disagreeable to her father, so shook her firmness, and threw her into so tremulous a state of indecision, that, had not a previously conceived passion for Matravers helped her, she would most probably have submitted passively to the will of her father, and devoted herself to the misery of an union with a man she could not esteem, rather than give pain to a parent whom she could not cease to love and honour.

Beauchamp was rejoiced at a meeting which gave him an opportunity of displaying his consequence to a person he loved. He entered on the topic of the marriage he intended, almost without a preface; he made not a great parade of compliments, but spoke very largely of the style and dignity in which he would maintain her, alternately in Normandy, and in England, and that, not without some contemptuous allusions to her father's

her's poverty. He boasted much of his prowess, which, he said, was not only sufficient to guard her from wrong and insult, but to give a splendor to her name, which should astonish all Christendom. He insinuated, that he might most probably have married much higher, but that he preferred, regarding the passion she indicated for him, and living in the calm enjoyment of mutual affection, to the burthenome glory with which a very great alliance, added to his own consequence, would be attended.

The indecision in which the daughter of the baron had been, at the beginning of this conference, was effectually banished by the progress of Hugh's vainglorious declaration; she even waited with impatience for the end of it, and then, in a ready resolute tone, thus replied: "I am happy, valiant Sir, so early to have been favored with a communication of your passion; I say early, because, as I have never before, since your

" being

“being at this castle, perceived any
“symptoms of your partiality for me.
“I cannot but suppose it recent, and,
“being so, have every hope you will
“easily conquer it. As to those indi-
“cations which, you say, you have found
“in me, I am not judge enough of all
“the minute points of my own con-
“duct, to say no part of it may equi-
“vocally have led you into this error;
“but an error it certainly is, and one
“whose recollection it will contribute
“to my peace very much if you endea-
“your to conquer. I am sensible of
“all the splendor and advantages which
“attend the alliance you offer, and
“know they would decide most ladies,
“in my situation, to accept your pro-
“posals with unbounded joy, yet I am
“obliged to decline them. I much fear
“these advantages, which cannot weigh
“sufficiently with me to induce me to
“comply with your present wishes, will
“have weight enough with my father
“to make him very zealous for their
“accom-

accomplishment; it is in your power to
 spare me infinite mortification, by volun-
 tarily declining what you have only re-
 sistantly solicited! I assure you I feel for
 you a sincere friendship, and lament that
 it is not in my power, to repay your
 kindness with that reciprocal affection,
 without which the acceptance of your
 hand would be an injury and an in-
 justice; but in undeceiving my father, as
 gently as possible, you will spare me
 as much mortification, that I shall
 feel towards you a sentiment of gra-
 titude, which will amount to every
 thing but that love, which it is not
 in my power to create, and which, if
 I do not feel, I am determined never
 to marry.

Having said these words, Rosalind re-
 tired, leaving Beauchamp in a state of
 surprize, confusion, and anger, which had
 kept him totally silent. He had no con-
 ception that the offer he had made
 could be refused, and in confidence of
 its cheerful acceptance, had acquainted
 all

all the visitors of the baron, with his purpose; he dreaded their sarcasms on the occasion, and felt so diminished in his own ideas, that he hardly knew which way to turn himself for comfort. After much consideration, he resolved to make his apologies to the baron, and quit the castle that very day.

As soon as this determination was formed, he proceeded to the execution of it. He found the baron, whom some person had told that his daughter and guest were in conference together, in high spirits, waiting to be informed of the result, for he never imagined that any thing more than a knowledge of his will was necessary to her, to induce immediate compliance: his confidence in this was so great, that it entirely prevented his observing the regret and disappointment painted on the countenance of Beauchamp. He accosted him cheerfully, and was beginning to rally him on the impression he had made on the heart of Rosalind, that she was up so early to meet

meet him, when the youth interrupted him, and detailed, as well as he could, all the observations she had made in answer to his address.

The Baron was almost choked with rage, which nothing but the operation of a then more powerful passion, avarice, could have restrained; he repressed his feelings for the moment, and, when Hugh had finished his intended declaration, found himself pretty well able to answer him, which he did, first by rallying his faintheartedness, which permitted the first repulse of a timid maid so intirely to overcome him: he said so much in this strain, that he perceived the mind of his hearer greatly altered; then, ingeniously shifting his mode of speech, he assumed a grave tone, and told him, he could hardly suppose him serious, in attributing the change in his sentiments to the silly conversation of his daughter, who must of course, for decency's sake, resist a first proposal; but that if it proceeded from any other cause, though

he should esteem his alliance preferable to any one in Europe, he would give it up, without hesitation, rather than have it thought he was put to his shifts to dispose of her; but that if he chose to persevere in his pursuit, he took on himself to answer for the success of it. Beauchamp, who feared nothing so much as raillery, was easily persuaded to adopt the baron's mode of thinking, and consented to leave to him the management of his daughter's mind, till he should sufficiently have prepared her to admit him as a lover.

The instant the baron had got rid of Beauchamp, he sent for Cynthia to come to him immediately; he would have vented his rage on his daughter at once, but determined first to get out of her confidante, if possible, the reasons which induced her thus to counteract his will. Cynthia attended his citation with reluctance, apprehending the conversation of the preceding day was to be renewed, and that it was her uncle's wish

wish to give her fresh instructions as to his intentions; but she was astonished, on approaching him, to see his countenance inflamed with rage; to see him pacing about the room in broken, disorderly steps, and apparently bursting with various agitations.

When he saw her, he commanded her to be seated, and, with unusual solemnity, thus addressed her:—"You are
" sensible, niece, that, since the death of
" your father, my brother, my kindness
" towards you has supplied the place
" of every other relation. This castle
" has been your home, and you have
" been entertained and maintained honorably at my charge:—the further
" continuance of my good-will now depends intirely on yourself. I know
" the intimacy which subsists with you
" and my daughter, and that there is
" no secret between you: what I am
" about to ask, may, perhaps, shock your
" principles at first; but before you re-

“ solve to refuse me an answer, or to
“ answer me insincerely or evasively, it
“ will behove you to reflect that your
“ uncle’s peace depends on your vera-
“ city; and that if you forfeit it, in the
“ most minute degree, you wave for ever
“ his friendship and protection. I have
“ reason to believe you executed the
“ commission with which I charged you
“ yesterday, with fidelity. Rosalind this
“ morning met with Beauchamp, and,
“ instead of behaving to him in the
“ manner which would have become a
“ dutiful daughter, she has rejected his
“ addresses, in a way which had almost
“ induced him to leave the castle. I
“ am persuaded this could not proceed
“ from mere perverseness, unaided by
“ any other motive, and expect to be
“ informed, by you, what that motive
“ is; for that you know, I am so con-
“ vinced, that no assertion can shake
“ my opinion. My paternal care has
“ procured this peevish girl of mine,
“ an

“ an opportunity of repairing the fault
“ her indiscretion has led her to com-
“ mit: if she neglects that, I discard her
“ for ever; she is an alien to my blood,
“ a disgrace to my name, and, from
“ me, shall receive neither countenance
“ or support. Therefore, do not ima-
“ gine, that, in disclosing what I now
“ command you to communicate, you
“ do your cousin an ill office; be persuaded
“ rather, that it is the greatest friend-
“ ship you can render her.”

Though this discourse convinced Cynthia, that the failure of her attempt on the heart of Beauchamp was not fairly to be attributed to Rosalind, this did not abate her rancour against her; it was that youth's preference of her cousin, not the fact of her having sought or deserved it, inspired that sentiment; and as she generally suffered herself to be guided by her feelings, without much reference to reason, she was not at all inclined to abate her dislike on the

strength of this explanation. The confidence her uncle required of her opened various views to her mind; she thought, if she disclosed the whole of the circumstances relating to Matravers, she might incur some blame; but as she knew the greatest share of the baron's resentment would fall on his daughter, she saw in that many comforts, for, by these means, that lady would be forced to abandon one or other of her conquests, and thus open a way, by which she might hope to gratify either her love or interest. These thoughts kept her musing some moments; but at length she made up her mind, and said,

"You could not, my ever dear uncle, have laid an injunction on me, where my obedience would cost me more pain than in the present instance; yet, whatever may be the consequence, I will risque it, rather than incur your displeasure, by an ungrateful disregard
" of

“of your will. I am aware I shall meet
“with some censure, for the part I have
“had in the transaction I am about to
“disclose, and I shall bear it without
“repining, nay, I will implore you,
“dreadful as it is to me, to heap all
“your indignation on my shoulders, so
“you spare my unhappy cousin, and
“restore her to your favor in as large
“a degree as before.”

Here tears interrupted her speech,
and the baron took the opportunity to
swear to her, on the honor of a knight,
that he would forgive her offence, what-
ever it might be, on the merit of her
confession.

She then proceeded to inform him,
that, during his absence in the Holy Land,
a knight had come to the castle, to
avoid, as he said, the pursuit of some
deadly enemies; that by her cousin's
directions, he had been sheltered there,
till about six weeks before the baron's
return, when he took his departure,

though not before he had made an indelible impression on the heart of his daughter, and they had exchanged vows of affection and fidelity. That she had been prevailed on, by the tears and intreaties of her cousin, to keep the matter a secret; a compliance which she now repented exceedingly, seeing the pain it had occasioned.

Cynthia had suppressed, in this account, many circumstances; such as, the manner in which Edmund got into the castle; the account he had given of his adventures; and the solicitude they were under to conceal him, for fear of inflaming her uncle's temper too much. Indeed, if any thing could have added to the rage he was in, it was prudent in her to omit it, for it seemed the most ungovernable effect of which the passion is capable. For a considerable time he could vent nothing but incoherent exclamations, oaths, and curses; at last he recovered his reason, and recovered

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recovered himself so far as to ask the cavalier's name.

His niece answered, he called himself the Knight of the White Rose; intelligence which renewed the baron's phroxyfm, with greater violence than before. He had heard of that youth's excommunication and outlawry, and that a reward was set on his head; circumstances which inflame his choler to such a degree, that he swore, by the Holy Trinity, he would sacrifice him wherever he met him; that even a sanctuary should not protect him.

When he had a little recovered himself, he commanded his daughter into his presence, and having, with great fierceness, reproached her for her conduct to Beauchamp, and told her he knew of her miscreant paramour, who caused her to oppose his will; he informed her of his determination to confine her in her room, to exercise the greatest severity on her; and, finally, to turn her

out of doors, unless she complied with his directions, and accepted the hand of the knight he had provided for her.

He gave her no time to reply,—indeed, if he had, her tears, surprize, and terror, would have prevented her,—but led her to her chamber; where, having secured the door, he left her.

CHAP.

pointed out, and the management of the
 enterprise committed to Edmund, who
 was to be attended by half the men:
 they were not to appear with him, but
 to be within hearing of him, in case of any
 emergency.

CHAP. XXVI.

He departed, and readily found out
 his way.

WE now leave the castle awhile, to
 return to Edmund, the unknowing cause
 of all the confusion there did not yet
 know.

A few days after the finding of the
 young lady, now become the captain's
 companion, when she was perfectly fa-
 miliarized to her new way of life it was
 debated among the party, and finally a-
 greed, that it would be proper to de-
 mand of her father, a sum of money, in
 her behalf; in the name of dowry, or
 marriage portion. This, it was agreed
 on all hands, would be a just punish-
 ment on that unfeeling parent, and a
 greater mortification to her worthless
 step-mother, than any other which could
 be inflicted. The manner of it was so-
 lemnly the place of their abode carefully

being

M 6

pointed

pointed out, and the management of the enterprize committed to Edmund, who was to be attended by half the men: they were not to appear with him, but to be within hearing of his horn, to assist on an emergency.

He departed, and readily found out the habitation of Alice's father, though he was upward of two days in reaching it: for, as his party was so large, he pursued the most unfrequented ways.— The captain rejoiced at his absence, as it gave him an opportunity, not perfect the plan he had before resolved on, and which, previous to his departure, he had begun to execute, by attaching to himself, as many as he could of the men, from motives of personal attachment alone; those he thought he had the least chance of prevailing with he sent with Edmund, and those who remained behind, by insinuations originating in him, but disseminated by his creatures, were led to believe that the captain's superiority was endangered, and the well-being

being of the company brought into imminent risk, by the aspiring disposition of the lieutenant.

He, mean time, was employing himself about the perfection of his commission; he had found out Alice's father, and going to his house with one of the men, at a time when nobody was there but himself and his wife, very civilly gave them joy of their daughter's wedding.

"Married!" exclaimed the man, staring, "why I never heard of such a thing being likely; I was never asked for my consent, or told any thing about it:—Were you, wife?"

"Not I, indeed," answered she: "I sent her to see my relations, but, I suppose, she ran away from the people I sent her with, and is either married, as the gentleman says, or, what is more likely, taken to vicious courses. However, for her undutifulness to you, husband, she shall never come into a house where I am again."

"Woman,

"Woman," said Edmund, "the relations you would have sent her to are those, who sleep never to wake again; but your purpose is frustrated, your emissaries are slain, your daughter is wife to an honest gentleman, a friend of mine, and I come to demand her portion."

"I am sure she shall not have a penny by my consent," said the woman, hastily, fearing her husband might be disposed to give some trifle to get rid of his guest.

"I ask not your consent," said Edmund, contemptuously, "it is my will that she be handsomely portioned. Go, good man, to your oak chest, where I know you keep your gold; bring me out all the money you have; if you hesitate, but while I sound this horn, your house shall be plundered and burnt; or if you, or this woman, speak but a word, that moment is your last:—obey, I say."

The

The old man, speechless with surprise and terror, went with unwilling steps to the chest, and brought forth a leather bag full of money, which Matravers counted, and found it amounted to somewhat upwards of two hundred marks.

"If," said he, "you, or that worthless woman, had behaved kindly to your daughter Alice, or if I thought this money had been treasured up as a provision for her, I would not take it away from you, as I reverence the authority of a parent; but as I know you have been swayed, by that wicked creature, to devote your child to certain destruction, I must take care that proper provision is made for her. You will do well enough, you have property besides this; however, I will leave you ten marks for your immediate necessities; but, observe, your house will be watched all this day, and if either of you stir out but for a moment, you will both have your throats cut, and your house burnt."

Saying

Saying these words, he took up the money and departed, leaving them the ten marks. The injunction he laid on them not to go out, was, lest they should raise an hue and cry before the party was got to a proper distance; but it was absolutely unnecessary, for they sat a considerable time after his departure quite thunderstruck, motionless, and speechless; a long time after that they spent in complaints, and bewailings of their fate, and the rest of the day in reviling and abusing each other.

Matravers and his party made the best of their way back, well pleased with the success of their enterprize, and anticipating the joy with which so good a booty would be received by the captain and the rest of their companions.

The days in which Edmund was so employed, the unhappy Rosalind was locked up in her room, without company, and without enjoyment: for no person was admitted to her, except her
damsel,

damself, who performed the necessary offices about her person, and brought her victuals. Her father, though he always let the damsel in, saw his daughter but once a day, and then confined his conversation to a question, whether she was disposed to obey him or no. The first time he put this interrogation to her, she endeavoured to move him by all the eloquence of tears and sighs, by all those tender appeals, which, from a child to a parent of any feeling, are seldom or never unsuccessful, not to insist on her devoting herself to the misery he had prepared for her: promising never to marry, nor even think of a man against his consent. This, far from moving his compassion, or satisfying him in the smallest degree, threw him into one of those violent fits of anger, to which he was so subject, and he swore she should either marry Beaulhamp, or he did not know but he should be the death of her; but that, at all events, she day which saw him

behold him

him depart from the castle, without her, should see her turned out without a protector, and penniless.

Rosalind's damsel had been ordered out of the room at the beginning of this conversation, but the strangeness of her master's behaviour to his daughter inspired her with an inclination to listen to what passed. It happened that the lady, in answer to something which fell from her father about her affection for Edmund, mentioned a suspicion that such an idea must have been imparted to him by Launcelot. The damsel was exceedingly attached to her mistress, and felt a proportionate degree of resentment against the squire, who she fancied, as the baron had not denied it, was the cause of her sufferings.

Launcelot was an admirer of her's, she therefore thought she might use every freedom of expostulation with him, and, brimful of the subject, made haste to meet with him. She found him rather low spirited, for he had all that day ob-

served

ferred that the baron and his son treated him with unusual hauteur, and a great appearance of dissatisfaction: indeed, they were both so much displeased with him, that the baron declared, in private, that if he had another squire he could depend on, he would hang him up without ceremony. The damsel's intelligence did not raise his spirits a great deal; he saw the motive of his master's anger, but yet it rejoiced him that he could exculpate himself from the charge Rosalind had laid against him, which weighed much heavier on his mind.

To effect this, he was obliged to enter into a long narrative to the damsel, in which he acquainted her with all those circumstances of our hero, which she knew not before; and, in conclusion, told her of the discovery he had made of Cynthia's passion for Edmund, but all this under strict injunctions to secrecy, unless the disclosing any part of what had fallen from him could benefit her mistress.

As

As soon as she was admitted the next morning by the baron, the affectionate damsel communicated Launcelot's information to her lady, who, thus undeceived with respect to him, and her eyes opened with regard to her cousin, entertained no doubt of her treachery, but was equally convinced that her own ruin was certain; for she could not bring herself to think of Beauchamp as a husband, and she saw her father so determined on the match, that she dreaded, if he was disappointed, that he would not limit his vengeance to turning her out of doors, but would wreak his fury on her in some very dreadful manner; a supposition, which, shocking as it is to the more refined feelings of modern days, was not at all inapplicable to the ferocious violence which characterized those times.

She was now convinced that her only chance of avoiding present persecution, and future misery, was by flight; but that was so ineligible in itself, and so impracticable, even if she could resolve
on

on it, that she could not think on it without horror. For her, unacquainted with the world, ignorant of her way from one place to another, timid, and delicate, without a guide or protector, to commit herself intirely to the chances which would attend such a step, was a thing she could hardly bear to think of; yet that, with all its concomitant miseries, appeared to her desirable, in comparison with the possibility of marrying a man she did not love, or encountering her father's fury, which was sure to follow her continual refusal: but, then, how to do it was an insurmountable difficulty; for her father was so jealous of her obtaining a moment's liberty, that he never let the key of her apartment go out of his possession: he always attended the damsel to the door, locked her in, and, when he judged she had been there long enough, returned and let her out: this was not for fear his daughter should run away; such a thought never entered his head; but in hope that so close a restraint

restraint would, in a short time, bend her spirit to a submission to his wishes.

Distress is a great leveller of distinctions.—Poor Rosalind, in the dreadful state of mind she was, was obliged to take a step she had always before, with great propriety, avoided, namely, to consult with her damsel on her present difficulties; to state all her ideas, and to request her counsel as to the line of conduct she should adopt.

The poor girl, as uninformed as to what ought to be done as her mistress, could do no more than weep and lament over her. She at length ventured to propose consulting Launcelot, for whose talents she had a great respect, and for whose honour, she, with great simplicity, offered to be responsible. Of this Rosalind now entertained no doubt, and was even charmed with the idea of obtaining some efficient help. She commissioned the damsel to consult with him on the subject without delay, and felt
unusual

unusual impatience to know the result of his advice: When the damsel communicated to Launcelot the object of her embassy, he immediately swore by the Trinity, by the Holy Virgin, and all the Saints in Heaven, to keep his lady's secrets faithfully, and to die in her service, if necessary: he then, after a little thought, said he conceived there was no great difficulty in deciding what she should do with herself.—That she had an uncle in Normandy, who had seen her a few years before, and had promised her his protection if ever she came to need it:—he thought, if she could escape, her best step would be to go over to him, and, if he refused to receive her, it would at least afford time for her father to relent, or her lover to give up his pursuit. He requested the damsel to make his humble respects to the lady Rosalind, to assure her of his entire devotion, and resolution to follow her all over the world.

Nothing

Nothing could exceed Rosalind's joy, when the damsel returned to her, which was not till the baron gave leave, and communicated Launcelot's advice:—the scheme appeared to her the effect of inspiration, and she determined to follow it if possible; but how to escape was the difficulty which now employed their minds; at length, by dint of much thinking, they hit on a plan, which required, however, a great deal of courage, and no small good fortune in its execution.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

FOR some days the baron had made it a practice to go into Rosalind's room the last thing in an evening only, when he secured her door for the night; he constantly repeated the question before mentioned, to which Rosalind, who could not bring herself to answer such a question from her parent by a general negative, after the night he first put it returned no answer.

The evening she had fixed on for her escape, she kept her damsel with her till near dark, the time her father usually came, and then made her get into the bed, while she put on her cloaths, and stood in a niche near the door. It happened the baron had drank very hard that evening, which did not sweeten his temper. On entering the room he saw his daughter, whom, supposing her to be the damsel waiting to be let out, he took by the wrist, and threw into the passage

with such a furious swing, that she could not immediately recover her breath, but had nearly betrayed herself by shrieking out; however, she slunk into an adjacent apartment, and resolved to remain there till the time agreed on between her agent and Lancelot should be come. Meanwhile the baron went up to the bed, and put the usual question to his supposed daughter, to which the damsel, according to her instructions, returned no answer. This taciturnity inflamed the baron's choler to such a degree, that he discharged a thundering blow on her face. She had fortunately covered it with her hands, for fear of discovery; but even that was so feeble a protection that the blow made her nose bleed profusely. He left the room immediately, swearing that that was but the beginning of the corporal punishment she was to receive; for that, in the end, he would be the death of her, unless she did as he would have her.

Edmund, though much concerned for her damsel, could not but rejoice at her own

own escape from such brutal treatment. She passed her time in the most anxious agitation; for between the time of her father's going from her room, and that when she was to be met by Lancelot, was yet a great while:—and when the first emotion of joy at her approaching deliverance began to subside, a train of melancholy reflections took possession of her mind. She thought of the danger and uncertainty attending her attempt:—revolved in her ideas all the probabilities which could operate against her: the journey by land was dangerous; she, guarded only by one squire, was subject to insult; and, if her father caused pursuit to be made after her, very liable to detection. She then adverted to the dangers of the sea, which she had never yet been exposed to, but which, as all the narratives she had heard, were full of storms of the most dreadful description; rocks, quicksands, and shipwrecks, she thought that even a short voyage could be little less than an ordeal, and, even if she should escape these various perils,

the uncertainty of her uncle's reception met her with full force; she thought it likely he would not protect her in opposition to her father, but that his offers of kindness ought only to be taken in that limited sense, in which relations, in general, speak them. She had not seen him a long time; nor had she, since her father's return, heard any thing of him, and did not know but he might be dead.

Fancy then dressed up a different train of ideas:—she was committing herself to the care of Launcelot alone, who had renounced, in the very action of going with her, all fear of her father; and how could she tell to what attempts his power over her, unprotected, and at a distance from home, might lead him. This thought, for a while, stupified her with horror; till her innate generosity (which did not long permit her to suspect evil, till she saw some justification of such suspicion in a person's conduct) bringing Launcelot's tried fidelity, and unshaken attachment, to her relief, dispelled

pelled these gloomy reflections, and restored her confidence in him.

But, as the midnight hour approached, she felt a renovation of terror. Superstition then assailed her mind; she began to reflect on the step she was taking; that it was in direct opposition to the will of her parent; and the tales she had heard, and the legends she had read, gave her the most alarming apprehensions of supernatural interference, to detect or punish her. The evenings were, about this time of the year, cold; her joints were numbed, and her teeth chattered between cold and terror; the wind whistled round the house, and the baying of dogs at a distance, and the occasional flapping of a door of some out-house which had not been carefully fastened, alone interrupted the awful silence. These circumstances, and the dislike she felt of the act she was about, operated on the mind of Rosalind so forcibly, as to produce a conviction, that the dæmons, who are employed to

render all offices to the human race, would be let loose to thwart the execution of her enterprize; and the dread this occasioned would have induced her to wake her father, and intreat him to replace her in her apartment; but the fear of his fury, the recollection of his violence, and the sound of his horrid imprecations and denunciation, which still vibrated in her ears, prevented her.

Just then the chimes of a distant convent announced that it was twelve o'clock. Her spirits almost exhausted by the preceding agitations of her mind, she sprang into the hall, expecting to meet Launcelot, but he was not come. Those who know what it is to await a critical moment, with all the varlegated impressions which hope, doubt, and terror, leave on the imagination, alone can represent to themselves the tremulous emotion in which Rosalind passed another quarter of an hour in the hall: she had just began to fancy Launcelot would not come, or that, perhaps, to ingratiate himself,

himself; he had betrayed her to her father; and that, instead of escaping, she should be more closely immured, and more rigorously treated than ever; when she saw a light enter the hall, and perceived that, after glimmering about in various directions, its rays were bent full on her; she heard no footstep, and, unacquainted with the construction and properties of a dark lantern, stupified with fright, and dazzled with the glare on her eyes, which were weak with poring on the darkness so long, she stood close to the wall, incapable of speech or motion.

From this situation she was relieved by the known voice of Launcelot, who, in whisper, said, "My lady,—my lady!—Refalind, is it you?"—but she was so exhausted by surprise, fear, and distress, that she could not answer, but let fall a shower of tears.

The trusty squire, afraid of a detection and counterplot, was dubious awhile what to do. At length he walked up

to the lady, and took hold of her hand, which was torpid with cold:—he looked in her face, which he saw bathed in tears, and his heart was melted with dutiful affection. He knelt at her feet, besought her to take courage, and commit herself fearlessly to his care, swearing to preserve the most loyal allegiance and respect for her, in whatever situation fortune might throw them, and, if necessary, to die in her defence.

These words a little re-animated her courage: she attended the squire to that part of the hall where the loose pannel was, which he moved without noise, and very carefully replaced when they were on the other side. They then walked through the secret passage, which was long, winding, and damp:—Launcelot supported his amiable burthen on one arm, and thrust the other, in which was the light, forward as far as he could in the gloom.

Rosalind, though free from affectation, had all those fears about her which
mark

mark the female character. She possessed a degree of courage which would have done honor, and been an ornament, to the other sex:—she was capable, on reflection, of every heroic exertion; but from habit, superstition, or credulity, trembled at imaginary danger: the melancholy hour, the dismal passage through which she was wandering, her ignorance what noxious reptiles might inhabit there, as well as her fears of supernatural appearances, rendered this, in her opinion, the longest and most disagreeable walk she had ever taken. She had not courage to commence a conversation with her companion, who, on his part, though nothing human could terrify him, had such horrors of mind on the account which most alarmed the lady, that he trembled at the reverberated noise of his own footsteps. In this dismal manner they groped their way so slowly, that it was day-break ere they reached the other end of the passage, which as they approached, a prodigious number of noc-

tural birds, who had retired there to avoid the odious light of day, being disturbed, flew out with an hideous whirr, hooting and shrieking.

When they were got safely out, Rosalind had the satisfaction to see her own palfrey completely caparisoned, and a horse for her attendant, safely tied to a tree. These the provident squire had secured; and leading them to the place where they were, and returning, had made him so late, as to keep his lady waiting the night before. This unexpected accommodation, and the relief of her mind from its late terrors, together with the refreshing breeze of the morning, gave a serenity, and even jocundity, to the spirits of Rosalind, which she had not felt for a considerable time before. Yet fatigue and corporal lassitude were no longer to be combated; even for these the squire was prepared:—he took from his own horse a coarse cloth, which he spread on the trunk of a felled tree, and here she rested a considerable time,

time; while Launcelot produced, from a kind of sumpter bag, sundry viands, which were very acceptable.

It was autumn, and the wood, in which they were, was variegated with all those beautiful tints with which that season marks its sovereignty over the foliage. Through some breaks, where the ruder wind had blown away the leaves, the turrets of Montford Castle were discerned, lowering gloomily above the surrounding vapour. Rosalind, alive to all the impressions of fancy, could not help imagining that they seemed to frown on her disobedience, and the thought cost her a tear; but the joy arising from a recollection of avoided danger, and acquired liberty, dispelled these sombre ideas; even the indications of affection exhibited by her palfrey, who, being used to receive kindness at her hands, smelt her garment, nighed, and pawed the ground, confirmed the hilarity of her mind.

Her strength was now restored, and she and the squire mounted, and pursued their journey. And now they began to converse; and Launcelot developed at large all the symptoms of passion he had observed in the lady Cynthia, and confirmed this effort of his sagacity by so many references to circumstances within Rosalind's own knowledge, that every doubt in her mind respecting her rivalry was done away, though the exercise of her malice, just at the particular time it displayed itself, she, nor the squire, could by no means account for.

They had now rode a considerable way through the wood, and at a pleasant break, completely shaded from the sun, and near a delicious brook of fresh water, they were sat down, and had refreshed themselves from the store carried by the squire's horse. He was just persuading the lady to try to get a little sleep, which, from the manner she had passed the preceding night, he judged she must want,

want ; promising to watch, and guard her, at a small distance ;—when, in a moment, they saw themselves surrounded by the troop of banditti, to which our hero belonged : that is to say, by that part of them who had not attended him on his expedition to Alice's father's, from which he was not yet returned.

They commanded the squire to surrender his arms, which he, seeing resistance vain, as more than thirty arrows were pointed at him, immediately did. They then bound him to a tree, assuring him no harm should happen to him, or the lady, if he was quiet ; but that they must take her to the captain, and would return to him presently.

Launcelot felt the most dreadful alarms for the fate of his unfortunate mistress ; but she, having her mind free from all supernatural terrors, collected her energies, and prepared for the worst, faced her fate without a sentiment of fear.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE squire had been left in this situation some time, when Matravers and his party, returning successful from their expedition, and eager to give an account of the event of it, came up. Launcelot was instantly recognized by our hero, and nothing could equal his surprize at seeing him:—he sprung from his horse, and with his own hands loosed him from his cords, and then dismounting one of the men, made him get on horseback and ride by his side, to relate the circumstances which brought him there; first informing him, in a few words, of the situation he was in, and desiring him to say nothing which might lead to a discovery of his name or title.

He heard with alternate emotions of rage, surprize, and sorrow, the causes of
his

his mistress's leaving her father's castle; and his love and admiration, were, if possible, increased by every thing the squire told him. Though he conceived that the laws of the society, of which he was a member, would be a sufficient protection for her, the anxiety, which ever characterizes genuine love, impelled him to hasten, as much as he could, to the captain's tent, yet a good way distant. He desired his men to follow at their usual pace, while he and Launcelot pricked their horses into a full gallop, and soon reached the place of their destination, where they found the captain in consultation with those men who were with him.

The captain, who, as we mentioned before, was a great voluptuary, no sooner saw the beauty of Rosalind, which the glow of exercise had much heightened, and which the mean dress she had on, that belonged to her damsel, could not conceal, than he conceived the greatest desire for the possession of it. With him

him, to desire and to obtain had been generally much the same thing; but this instance was so gross a violation of the established rules of the society, that he could not think of doing as he wished without a shew, at least, of obtaining a dispensation from them. However, as all with him were devoted to his will, he made no doubt of their consenting to whatever he wished; and had just been stating to them the passion he felt for the female in custody, who had been placed in another tent, under a guard; the small injury they would sustain, by permitting him to gratify himself in this matter; and was expecting some one, in the name of the rest, to answer, when Edmund and Launcelot rushed in.

He could hardly conceal his surprize and displeasure at their arrival; they gleamed in his scowling eye, and lowered in his contracted brow: however, he commanded himself so far, as to express joy at his lieutenant's speedy and safe return; and, unthinkingly, demanded an
and account

account of his expedition. This our hero related in a succinct manner, and every word he spoke gave the captain additional pain, as it referred to his connection with Alice, which aggravated the breach of the law he was so desirous to commit; and in which he could not but fear Edmund's opposition.

Unused to govern those passions he felt glowing in his breast, and feeling the matter must come to an adversarious issue, he looked gloomily about the tent, and at length fixed his eye on Launcelot; "Who is that man?" asked he, in an angry tone.

"Our prisoner," said one of the men.

"Who loosed him?" enquired the captain.

"I," answered Edmund; "he is an acquaintance of mine, and I am responsible for him."

"Leave the tent, and wait without," said the captain to the squire;—then turning to Edmund, "Lieutenant," said he, "if that man is your acquaintance,

"I sup-

“ I suppose he has told you that we
 “ have taken, in company with him, a
 “ young lady:—I call her lady, in respect
 “ of her beauty; by her dress, I should
 “ judge her to be a lady’s attendant;—
 “ be that as it may, I feel in myself an
 “ uncontrollable inclination for her; I
 “ have just been consulting these, my
 “ men, about their consent to my tak-
 “ ing her as a companion, and am glad
 “ you are come, as I hope you will
 “ be the organ through which they will
 “ all declare their assent to my wishes;
 “ and that you will exercise your friend-
 “ ship for me, in palliating the irregu-
 “ larity of the step, for irregular I own
 “ it to be; but that it may be as lit-
 “ tle injurious as possible, I will give
 “ Alice, with the portion you bring for
 “ her, to you, if you like her; if not,
 “ to any man she chuses; and hope
 “ this will satisfy, for I cannot do with-
 “ out the woman now prisoner here.”
 To this Edmund answered, “ In this
 “ proposal of your’s, captain, there are
 “ three

“ three irregularities; the first relates to
“ the lady, the next to me, and the last
“ to the company at large. As lieu-
“ tenant, I have a right, you being pro-
“ vided for, to chuse whether I will
“ have the next woman who presents
“ herself, or no, without taking, in lieu
“ of such choice, a woman you are tired
“ of; but this I wave, and declare, be-
“ fore hand, that, at all events, I will
“ not have Alice, nor shall my right to
“ take her be any bar to your possess-
“ ing the prisoner. If all the men are as
“ willing to give up their chance of
“ the new woman's favor, as those pre-
“ sent seem to be, there will be no impe-
“ diment to your enjoyment of her, and
“ one or other of them will have Alice,
“ and two hundred marks. But, on the
“ first point, I declare myself an ene-
“ my to the proposal, for, unless the
“ lady consents to stay with us, I can
“ never consent to her being forced, as
“ such a step is directly contrary to the laws
“ of this society, on the strict observance
“ of

“of which, all our safeties so much
“depend.”

“Hey-day!” exclaimed the captain,
with a scornful horse-laugh, “why, what
“a disciplinarian is our lieutenant grown
“all of a sudden; why, who would sup-
“pose this to be the man, who, but
“t’other day, shewed his affection for
“our laws, and his own valour, by run-
“ning, full tilt, at a poor harmless monk;
“much right has he to exclaim against
“breaches of order, to be sure.

“It is much easier,” answered Ed-
mund, with difficulty restraining his
rising choler, “to do wrong, than to
“defend it. When I committed the
“irregularity you have so generously
“thrown in my teeth, it was in a mo-
“ment of rage, and under the influ-
“ence of mistake: you have no such
“plea, and are acting deliberately in the
“very teeth of reason. When I cooled,
“and became sensible of my error, I
“acknowledged it, and submitted my
“conduct to the censure and punish-
“ment

“ment it merited: you seem not only
“determined to defend your wrong, but
“to commit it, whether necessary or no.
“Let the lady be sent for; if she con-
“sents to stay here, I will not oppose her
“becoming your's; if she does not, I will
“not stand tamely by and see those laws
“disregarded, to which we have all pro-
“mised obedience; and the invasion of
“which, at once annihilates the liberties
“and advantages of all the company,
“except yourself.”

“Young man,” answered the captain,
“I know not what you think of yourself,
“that you are to dictate, or take any au-
“thority here:—I have been used to be
“obeyed, and to rely on the affection and
“complaisance of my men: to that I
“now appeal, against your peevish at-
“tempts to curb my power, and doubt
“not their acclamations will declare me
“in the right.”

In this, however, the captain was not
entirely correct; for Launcelot, on his be-
ing dismissed from the tent, being left
without a guard, had mounted his horse,
and

and rode to meet those men whom our hero had left behind him; with them, foreseeing what turn the conversation would take, he had made so good use of his rhetoric, as to persuade them, one and all, to embrace the lieutenant's cause.—

They had reached the tent just as our hero began his last speech, which pleased just as much as the captain's brutal reply incensed them. When, therefore, his partizans began to shout—"The captain for ever; no pretenders,"—they raised their voices, and shouted—"Liberty, order, and the lieutenant for ever."

These cries soon produced mutual defiance, and the parties left the tent, and drew themselves up in martial array on the plain before it, in pretty equal numbers; our hero heading and arranging one party, the captain the other. Launcelot's heart bounded, with the hope of signalizing himself under the eye of the knight, and in defence of his mistress,

affairs, when the business took a fresh turn, from the following circumstance.

One of the oldest, and most respected, of the men, had sided with our hero, but had not foreseen that giving his voice to a mode of conduct and thinking, which was perfectly reasonable and consistent with the rules of the company, would have set them all fighting so suddenly. He saw many evils attend the approaching conflict; therefore, when each party was drawn up, and waited only for orders to attack, he made the accustomed signal for attention, and thus addressed them:

“ My good friends, and old companions, I have spent great part of my life amongst you, and suppose you will all give me credit, when I state, that what I am going to say, arises not from fear of danger. I have no more of that weakness than any man present, but cannot help thinking, that here are upwards of one hundred and fifty fine fellows going to cut one another's

“ another’s throats, for no reason at all,
“ or at best, for a very foolish one.
“ Our captain and lieutenant quarrel
“ about a woman; the one says he will
“ have her, right or wrong; the other
“ opposes the intention. I think the
“ captain wrong, because he avows an
“ improper resolution: he begins a ty-
“ ranny without a pretence; and, not
“ content with enjoying the advantages
“ the society have afforded him, and
“ which no one yet has pretended to
“ restrain, he invades our common pri-
“ vileges, and does not even give us the
“ satisfaction of referring the cause of the
“ dispute to us in any manner. The
“ lieutenant contradicts him;—he snaps
“ up the lieutenant, and we are to fight
“ the battle out. But, because the cap-
“ tain is wrong, does it follow the
“ lieutenant is right? certainly not; he
“ is a new man amongst us; he pre-
“ tends his opposition to the captain
“ arises from a respect to our regula-
“ tions; why are we to believe him? or
“ who

“who shall assure us, if he is successful
“in this business, that the pride of hav-
“ing conquered may not lead him to
“greater irregularities than those he is
“now so ready to condemn. If the cap-
“tain conquers, we are sure our rules will
“be trampled on;—if the lieutenant, we
“are not sure of the contrary; and we,
“by fighting a battle which does not
“concern us, shall be rendered too weak
“to be respectable, or to protect our-
“selves.—To act in a proper way, would
“be, to bring this woman, who is the
“cause of the dispute, here before us,
“and, according to custom, let her de-
“cide whether she will stay or not;—
“if she will not, escort her and her friend
“to what place she pleases, and let them
“go: but as the matter has been carried
“on, these two worthies put it out of
“our power, for nothing will cure the
“ill-blood now between them, and their
“jars will hereafter expose the safety
“of the whole society to every danger.
“They have put the business, which

"ought to have been peaceably decided,
 "on the footing of a quarrel; therefore,
 "let them fight it out singly, and let the
 "privilege of disposing of the woman,
 "as he thinks proper, be the meed of the
 "conqueror."

Both sides received this proposal with a shout of applause; they waited not to see how their leaders relished it, but, convinced of the sanity of the advice, threw down their arms, and rushing towards each other, shook hands, embraced, and mixed together in cordial unanimity. This step was as agreeable to Edmund, as it was unpleasant to the captain: the former pitied the poor fellows, who were going thus to sacrifice themselves, and rejoiced when the old man had the spirit and sense to make the proposal he did. But the captain had instructed six of his party to attend to nothing else but make sure of Edmund, hoping that if he was once destroyed, he should be able to calm the rest, and induce them to accede to his wishes.

The company were now employed in making out lists for the combatants. The old man, who made the speech, was to be judge of the field; the men all gave positive assurances that they would not, in any case, interfere. The captain chose a squire from among his partizans, and honest Launcelot, having craved of the party to grant him so much liberty, insisted on attending the love of Rosalind in that capacity.

Both turned his horse about at the same moment and encountered at full career, neither was at all discomfited in his fear, though the shock of their horses was so much as to make them stagger backwards several paces, and Edmund's lance broke to splinters. He immediately drew his sword; the captain, abandoning his lance, did the same, and the combat was renewed with great vigor. Both the combatants seemed pretty equal; but the captain was of a more cholerick humour, and was by the elegance of his appearance and gallantry rendered somewhat gross; his courage and skill

C H A P. XXIX.

MATRAVERS and his antagonist, being now completely armed and mounted, and each declaring himself ready, the lists were cleared, and the charge sounded. Each turned his horse about at the same moment, and encountered at full career: neither was at all discomposed in his seat, though the shock of their horses was so rude as to make them stagger backwards several paces, and Edmund's lance broke to splinters. He immediately drew his sword; the captain, abandoning his lance, did the same, and the contest was renewed with great vigor. Both the combatants seemed pretty equal; but the captain was of a more choleric habit, and was, by indulgence of his appetites and passions, rendered somewhat gross; his courage and skill

skill were unquestionable:—he made his blows like a man who wished to determine the combat by one single exertion; while Edmund, cautious and wary, seemed to husband his strength for one effectual effort; and, in the mean time, to depend on his skill, and quickness of fight, for the continuance of the battle. Both gave, and parried, many dreadful blows; and each was so admirable in his efforts, that no judgment could be formed for whom victory would declare.

At length the captain made a furious stroke at the lieutenant, which he wheeling his charger about to escape, the beast received the whole force of it on his head, and, almost immediately, fell. But Edmund had disengaged himself from the stirrup, and stood on foot uninjured by the accident. His antagonist disdained to take the advantage this circumstance gave him, and dismounted to fight on equal terms. Edmund was incensed at it, but did not lose his temper or skill. His blows were more forcible and decid-

ed, but he parried with care, and husbanded his strength. The captain, enraged at the length of the combat, which he had expected to finish long before, laid about him with much more fury than discretion; and his exertions operating on his corpulency, made him breathe short and thick; while he was utterly abandoned by his temper, and thought very little of defence. His armour was hacked through in many parts; through one of these apertures Edmund, with admirable dexterity, put in a thrust which made merely a flesh wound: but the captain seeing a profuse discharge of blood follow, thought it of much more consequence.— He was eager to revenge this disgrace, and perceiving an opening, which the knight had made by way of feint, he made so furious a stroke, that, the other stepping aside, he staggered forward several paces, and Edmund, with his sword, gave him such a blow on the bend of his neck, that he fell flat on his face; and when the squires came to unloose his helmet,

met, they perceived that he was quite dead, the sword having made its way, through one of the joints of his armour, and cut sheer through the bone of the hinder part of the neck.

The acclamations of victory were doubly grateful to our hero, from the recollection in whose behalf he had been exerting himself. Launcelot, feeling all reserve banished in the joy of the moment, went up and seized him by the hand, then fell on his knees to beg pardon for his familiarity; and, without waiting for an answer, he sprang up, and flew to the tent where Rosalind was confined; and, out of breath with haste and confusion, prayed the guard to admit him, and told them what had happened, of which they were as yet ignorant. They ran to the place where the rest were, to receive confirmation of the tidings, and left the squire alone with his lady, to whom he made shift to give a succinct relation of the whole adventures of the day, while the whole

journey

troop hailed Edmund captain, and promised submission to him. *with a mixed sentiment of anxiety and surprize, for the visit of Matravers, which she now expected. She had not before known the precise danger in which she was, but experienced a great degree of terror at being so long confined: and now she was apprized of all the transactions, felt a proportionate gratitude and affection for her deliverer. He did not leave her long waiting for him; as soon as he was free from the congratulations of his friends, and having disarmed, found himself free from hurt from his late encounter, he came on the spur of impatience to the lady, and throwing himself on his knee before her, he assured her of her unrestrained liberty, and his unalterable affection.* *She could not receive this flattering testimonial, accompanied by such essential services, without emotion: she inquired of the knight's adventures since their parting*

parting, which he gave her; and she, in return, detailed all that had passed at her father's castle. Our adventurer heard with surprize of the passion of Cynthia for him, and the baseness into which it betrayed her; he resented Beauchamp's pursuit, and deplored the baron's partiality to him, and severity towards her. When they parted for the night, he placed a guard over the tent where she was, and gave her Alice for a companion. Launcelot slept in the next tent, and promised, from time to time, to see that all went on well.

Edmund's situation was now extremely critical: his mistress had it in her power to unite herself to him without danger, for, having renounced the protection of her father, she had nothing to fear; yet he could not bring himself to hope that she would consent to such a proposal, if he could resolve to make it. He reflected too, that his present engagement barred every idea that he had taken much pains to conquer the chief

objection she had to him when at the castle. It did not escape his consideration, that, even if he succeeded and were united to Rosalind, it would occasion some disgust to the partizans of the late captain, and give a great colour of truth to the surmise of the old orator, that his motives in the quarrel were more interested than he would have had them appear. These, and many other, objections were vanquished by the rhetoric and sophistry of love; and he, in fine, determined the next day to try the strength of his interest in the heart of his mistress.

Launcelot was early in his tent the next morning; he had slept but little, for the numerous events of the preceding day had agitated him so violently, that, when he closed his eyes, some scene flitted before them, like the phantasms of a feverish brain; and when he slumbered awhile, he was awoke by some dream, representing a disaster which might possibly have attended some one
of

of the past occurrences: once he fancied the baron and Beauchamp lying in wait for him and his lady, and seizing them just as they entered the wood from the subterranean passage. When he slept again, his fancy represented the knight overthrown, and the captain, exulting, about to seize the lady Rosalind; he started with horror; he fancied himself in the act of attempting her rescue, prevented, and about to be murdered by the outlaws. Thus he passed the night, and availed himself of the first blush of the dawn to rise from his couch, to tender his assistance to the knight.

He was glad to rise as well as the squire, and cheerfully accepted his proffered services. When he was risen, he went about the tents, to see if all was well; he then caused the men to be awaked, distributed them to various employments for the day, appointed an acting lieutenant, and fixed an early day for the contest for that situation. He then sent in to know if the lady
Rosalind

Rosalind was up, and would please admit him; and being answered in the affirmative, he presented himself before her.

She had slept very well, and rose, blooming unspeakable beauty, gratitude, and love: appearances, which inflamed our hero's passion, and animated his hopes to such a degree, that he determined not to omit the present, so favourable, opportunity of declaring his wishes.— He conducted her and Alice to his tent, where they breakfasted; and after their meal, being left alone with her, he took occasion to represent to her, that, having left her father's castle, her future subsistence, and well being, would be precarious; that her honor would want a protector, and herself an asylum; that it was at best but uncertain, if she would meet with those advantages in Normandy; but that it was in her power to secure them all, and make him the happiest of human beings, by accepting his hand. He presumed not, he said,

Rosalind
on

on his services; those were unalienably her due, and it was more in the hope of being able to render them permanently useful to her, than merely with a view to self gratification, that he made the proposal he did. He intreated her to consider herself under no restraint, but to view his proposal in the light he had presented it, and trusted she would answer freely, and he hoped favorably.

"Sir knight," said she, "I intreat you
"to consider the answer I am about to
"make, as amounting to every indi-
"cation of sincere affection, and to pro-
"ceed from a wish of doing every thing
"in my power to make you happy; but
"to grant your present request, is abso-
"lutely impossible. How can I, imme-
"diately after the rash undutiful step I
"have taken, in leaving my father's cas-
"tle, add to that the fact of marrying
"you, without consulting him, and even
"against his known will? nor do I think
"my

" my compliance would secure any of the
" advantages you mention: but granting
" it would, how would it sound, or what
" reputation would the world annex to
" my name, when it should be told, I
" absconded from my father to marry the
" captain of the outlaws?—Pardon me,
" my dearest knight, if I say any thing
" to hurt you; but I am obliged truly to
" represent my reasons for rejecting your
" offer. Suffice it that I promise, if, at
" any time hereafter, our respective cir-
" cumstances shall be more favourable, I
" will be your's; but be that as it may,
" I will never be the wife of another:
" yet, remember, your's I never can be,
" till the condition I imposed on you, at
" the castle, is complied with. In the
" mean time, may you be as happy as
" your own merit, my love, and the at-
" tainment of all your laudable desires,
" can make you."

Matravers saw, in Rosalind's mode of
speaking, that all attempts to shake her
resolution

resolution would be vain, could he even resolve to try them, which he could not; for the delicacy of his love taught him to think, that such attempts would be little better than commencing a new persecution, when she had so lately, and at so great risque, escaped a former one; he therefore contented himself with thanking her, in the most ardent terms, for the encouragement she had given his passion, and permitted the conversation to turn into another channel; and, in a little time, the lady declared her resolution to continue her journey that day.

When our hero found her fixed in this determination, he left the tent, and, calling Launcelot apart, inquired into the state of his finances; and, finding they were but low, gave him a large purse of money, to be applied to her use, and recommended her to his special care and protection. He then returned to her, and taking his leave very affectionately, gave her a guard to the confines of the wood,

his

his authority being too recent to permit him to undertake the guidance of her himself.

After her departure, Edmund found himself plunged in the deepest melancholy; to dispel which, he resolved to apply himself seriously to the discharge of the duties of his command:—and in the first place to dispose of Alice, before a lieutenant was appointed, who would have a right to chuse her in preference to any other person. Early the next morning, therefore, before any of the troop were departed, he gave her the two hundred marks he had received of her father, and told her she was at liberty to leave them, if she chose; but that, if she wished to stay, a state of widowhood could not be permitted there, and she might make her choice amongst all the men who were unmarried. Alice would not think of leaving the company, but speedily made her election, and soon forgot her former companion the captain.

The

The next day was the contest for the lieutenancy, which was decided in favor of a very brave youth, a partizan and friend of Edmund's; and, after the contest, the remainder of the day was spent in carousing a health to the new captain and lieutenant.

Our hero was much surprized, the fifth day after his mistress's departure, to see Launcelot return to the tents by himself. He was seized with a melancholy, foreboding, and eagerly inquired the cause: the squire answered, that, after travelling with his lady all the day, he had left the wood, and the next they came to a town, where she took an apartment, at an inn, to herself, and ordered him to go to a place at some distance, and sell her palfrey, which, after some remonstrance, he had done; that when he returned, she had offered to share that, and all the money she had, with him, but desired him to leave her, as she was resolved to pursue the

blow,

rest

rest of her journey alone. The squire added, that he had opposed this resolution with tears and prayers, but that she was by no means to be moved. "When I saw that was the case," continued he, "I pulled out the purse you gave me, and telling her where I had got it, requested she would permit me, to supply her from it, she accepted the money with pleasure." Tell the Knight of the White Rose," said she, "if ever you happen to meet with him, that I glory in receiving favors at his hands, for my debt of affection and gratitude is infinite, and I receive these kindnesses, to revive those sentiments, if ever they should, for a moment, be forgotten." I left her," added the squire, "and, not knowing what else to do with myself, am come here to offer my services to the company you command." On and the first night of
This account drew from Edmund a shower of tears. He swore, at first, he
1131 would

would seek her all over the world; but from this resolve Launcelot dissuaded him; and his arguments had so much effect, that they tranquilized him, and framed his mind to wait with patience for some events more favorable to his passion.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

would seek her all over the world; but
 from this resolve Lancaster dissuaded
 him; and his arguments had so much
 effect that she relinquished him, and
 married his nephew with patience
 for some years, and then
 passion.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

